Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 14

THE REPUBLICAN.

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60-YR. OLD M[illegible]N PLEADS GUILTY TO LARCENY

Wm. VanGorder, of Walker Twp. Admits Theft of $50.

AGE MAY SAVE HIM

Judge Orvis Impressed With Man's Statement That This is First Offense—Money Taken From Trunk in David Harshbarger Home.

William VanGorder, of near Hublersburg, is in jail here charged with having entered the home of David Harshbarger, also of near Hublersburg, and stolen $50 in money from a trunk. The alleged theft was committed several weeks ago while Mr. Harshbarger and others of the family were at work in a field some distance from the house.

When Mr. Harshbarger discovered the loss of the money he undertook an investigation and suspicion finally centered upon VanGorder. The latter was arrested on Friday and lodged in jail. He was given a hearing before Squire Musser, who bound him over for court. VanGorder denied taking the money. Mr. Harshbarger is still out his $50, for none of the money was found on VanGorder when the latter was taken into custody. Squire Musser considered however, the evidence presented against VanGorder at the hearing sufficient to warrant his being held for court. VanGorder was unable to furnish bail and was accordingly remanded back to jail, pending trial.

VanGorder was in jail but a short time following his hearing, however, when he experienced a change in mind about his innocence, for he made it known that he was ready to enter a plea of guilty. Yesterday he formally pleaded guilty before Judge Orvis. To the court he said that he was 60 years old, that he was in poor health and that in all his life this was his first arrest. He stated that he had a note for $21 about due in the Howard National Bank, that he owed some other little items and that the temptation to take the money was too strong for him to resist. It developed that VanGorder did pay the note due in bank and that he also paid for some articles purchased at Bellefonte stores. Judge Orvis told the aged prisoner that he would consider the matter, investigate his story at greater length and decide later what sentence to impose. Were VanGorder's case not surrounded with extenuating circumstances he undoubtedly would receive a term in the penitentiary. Under the circumstances he may not get more than a short term in jail, and it may be that sentence will be suspended.

Urges Soil Cultivation.

"We do not treat our soil as we should or could. A Belgian farmer gets as much from ten acres as we in Pennsylvania from a hundred." This statement was made by Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh, superintendent of Philadelphia schools, who spent the summer months inspecting educational conditions in France, Germany, Holland and Belgium. Intensive education is largely responsible for the agricultural prosperity of the Belgians. Nowhere in Europe is more attention paid to developing children than in that little kingdom. Much effort is devoted to the two great fundamental functions of society—agriculture and education. The department of agriculture is working with the sole purpose of enlightening the people on agriculture, the basis of the people's wealth, and on education, the basis of a people's prosperity and enjoyment.

Meet in Scranton in 1914.

The state Sunday school convention closed its sessions at Williamsport last Friday night after selecting Scranton as the place of meeting next year. H. W. Weaver, of Harrisburg, was elected recording secretary and S. S. Marvin was elected a vice president, succeeding J. A. Lansing.

At the morning session, $25,000 was raised for the state work, of which John Wanamaker gave $5,000, H. J. Heinz gave $2,500 and William Decker, of Montgomery, gave $1,000. The balance was pledged by the delegates from all over the state. Seven meetings were held on Friday, including the three general sessions of the convention, a teacher training session, a home department session, a boys' conference and a girls' conference. The principal addresses of the day were by John L. Alexander, of Chicago, and Dr. Howard A. Johnson.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

EARLY MORNING WEDDING

Miss Marie Gherrity Becomes Bride of James Davis on Tuesday.

An entirely informal but very pretty wedding was solemnized at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning at the Parish house of the Roman Catholic church, in Bellefonte, the contracting parties being Miss Marie Gherrity and James Davis. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Patrick McArdle. The attendants were Miss Agnes Gherrity, a sister of the bride, and Benjamin Beezer. After receiving the congratulations and best wishes of admiring friends Mr. and Mrs. Davis motored to Centre Hall, where they boarded a train for their honeymoon tour to eastern cities.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gherrity. She is especially bright and attractive and is popular with a large circle of friends. The groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. MacC. Davis, of the Garman House. He is a splendid young business man and is engaged with his father in the management of the hotel.

Mrs. William Laurie Dead.

Following an illness which had extended over a period of several months, Mrs. Alice A. Laurie, widow of the late Rev. Dr. William Laurie, died at her home on Spring Street on Friday morning, October 10th. While her death was not unexpected it occasioned sorrow among many admiring friends. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, and Rev. Mr. Schuyler, of Centre Hall. Interment was made in the Union cemetery. At the time of her death Mrs. Laurie was aged 69 years. She was born at Wallingford, Conn., and was a daughter of Julius Ives. On March 4, 1873, she was married to Rev. Dr. Laurie, making her home in Bellefonte to the time of her death. Surviving are two children, Mrs. Jessie L. Eldredge, of Cape May, N. J., and Miss Bertha A. Laurie, of Bellefonte. Surviving also are two sisters: Julia Ives and Mrs. Frank P. Pendleton, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Clara McArthur Dead.

Mrs. Clara McArthur, wife of Donald R. McArthur, and a bride of but a few months, died at her home, 515 East Kettle Street, Altoona at 3:15 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon, of typhoid fever, after an illness covering a period of but a few weeks. Deceased was born at Port Matilda, Centre county, February 27, 1894. She removed to Altoona, eight years ago, and on May 13, 1913, she married Mr. McArthur and took up a residence on Kettle street. She was taken ill last month and grew worse until she passed away. She was a member of the Third United Brethren church, at Altoona, and enjoyed the esteem of a wide circle of friends. She is survived by her mother, Mrs. Tilithea Reese, of Altoona, and the following brothers and sisters: Abel, of Blandburg; William, of Madera; Seth and Reuben, of Pittsburg; Mrs. Dewey Cowher, of Port Matilda; Mrs. David Stonebraker, of Tyrone; Mrs. William Wagner, of Altoona; Mrs. Mary Toben, of East Rochester; Mrs. C. A. Barger, Mrs. John Stambaugh and Misses Amanda and Laura, all of Altoona. The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon, services conducted at the house. Interment in Rose Hill cemetery.

H. J. Fulton Dead.

At his home at Conway, Pa., on October 4, H. J. Fulton died of complication of diseases. He had been employed on the railroad for thirtytwo years beginning his career on the Tyrone division in 1881. In 1884 he went to Altoona and was a middle division brakeman for three years. In 1887 he went to Bellwood, where he was brakeman and conductor of the Pennsylvania and Northwestern road for two years. He went from there to Allegheny and since then had been employed by the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, first as brakeman and later as conductor. In July 1912 failing health compelled him to relinquish active work. He was a careful and efficient employe and was highly esteemed in the service. He was active in railroad organizations, being a member of the B. of R. T. and also of the I. O. O. F.

Surviving are his wife, Annie and two sisters—Mrs. Joseph Shirk, of Clarkstown, Wash., and Mrs. Mary McKinley of Milesburg.

"Tim" Woodruff Dead.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Timothy L. Woodruff, of New York, died last Sunday night. He suffered a stroke of paralysis while concluding an address at a Progressive party meeting two weeks before his death. He was 65 years old and was three times Lieutenant Governor of New York. He was a manufacturer and was rated as a millionaire.

TEACHERS INSTITUTE TO CONVENE NOV. 10

County Directors Association Meets on 12th & 13th.

MANY GOOD FEATURES

County Superintendent of Schools Etters Has Engaged Strong Corps of Lecturers and Entertainers For Day and Night Sessions.

The Sixty-seventh Annual Session of the Centre County Teachers' Institute will convene in the Court House on Monday, November 10th, and the Directors' Association will meet in the auditorium of the new High School building Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12th and 13th. County Superintendent of Schools D. O. Etters has practically completed his arrangements for the Institute and interesting and instructive sessions are anticipated. The instructors and speakers for these meetings include the following:

Superintendent James G. Penty, State High Inspector, Harrisburg, Pa.

Dr. Arthur Holmes, Dean of the Colleges, State College, Pa.

Dr. Charles C. Ellis, Dean of Juniata College.

Dr. Francis H. Green, West Chester State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.

Prof. Thomas I. Mairs, Chief of the Department of Agriculture Education, State College, Pa.

Prof. Clarence C. Robinson, State College, Director of Music, and Prof. J. S. Ruthrauff, Philipsburg, Pianist.

The evening entertainments will be as follows:—

Monday evening, Nov. 10—A musical by the Ernest Gamble Concert Company.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 11—Lecture, "The Universty of Hard Knocks," Ralph Parlette.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 12—A concert by the Penn State Quartette.

Thursday evening, Nov. 13—Lecture, "The High Cost of Living, and How to Reduce It," Dr. Madison C. Peters.

Course tickets for the Instute with reserved seats for the evenings, $2. Single admission to entertainments, with reserved seat, 50c. General admission, 35c.

FREE USE OF FORESTS.

Forestry Reservation Commission Makes Offer to Children.

Realizing the possibilities for enjoyment and recreation found only in mountains and forests, the State Forestry's Reservation Commission has generously offered the free use of lands now owned by the state to all who wish to use them for outings, etc. This offer is made with the understanding that all necessary precautions will be taken to prevent destruction of young trees, etc. The following has been submitted for publication:

WHEREAS, this Commission has consistently advocated the use of the Pennsylvania State Forests as outing and recreation grounds for the people to be freely used, subject only to the few reasonable rules necessary for the protection of the land itself; and

WHEREAS, the joy of child life, the conservation of youthful health, and education for future good citizenship will be augmented by intelligent use and enjoyment of the State's great outing grounds; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED that the State Forestry Reservation Commission grant the children of Pennsylvania free use of the State Forests as recreation ground, subject to the few reasonable and necessary rules for the protection of the land itself, and urges upon them the use of this land for all proper purposes, particularly for mineral and plant study, the collecting of wild flowers, the study of bird and animal life, the gathering of chestnuts and other wild nuts and fruits, and the enjoyment of such pleasures as are incident to the life of a child in nature's great out-of-doors.

RESOLVED, further, that all forest officers afford every reasonable facility in their power to the children in their respective neighborhoods, for the enjoyment of the privileges herein conferred, and of which the children are freely invited to avail themselves.

October 9, 1913.

Peanut Cart Trust.

Superintendent Samuel B. Rambo, in charge of Public Grounds and Buildings at Harrisburg, has ordered the peanut venders from the Capitol pavements in Walnut and North streets. These venders have been fixtures for years, but lately it was found out that the wagons had been taken over by a trust. Formerly they were individual enterprises of veterans. It appears that the change is not for the best.

Confirmed Class of 150.

Special services were held at the Bellefonte Roman Catholic church last Sunday morning. Bishop Garvey, of Altoona, confirmed a class of 150. He also preached a powerful sermon.

HARD GAME AHEAD

Academy and Indiana Normal Football Teams Clash Here Saturday.

A rattling good game of football is scheduled for Bellefonte on Saturday afternoon, next, at 2.30 sharp, the rival teams being those of the Academy and the Indiana State Normal. The Indiana eleven is rated among the strongest preparatory school teams in the State. The Academy team is somewhat handicapped by crippled players, Mangan, quarterback, having a broken bone in one of his hands, as a result of last Saturday's game at Greensburg. Beer, one of the backs, is laid up with a bad ankle. The Academy may win, but it will be a hard fight.

On Tuesday night a mass meeting of Academy students was held at which addresses were delivered and the team given to understand that the biggest kind of a brace will be necessary if Indiana is to be held to a low score. Hugh Taylor was among those to give the team a "ginger" talk.

Incidentally, spectators are requested to keep in mind that the admission to Saturday's game will be 25c. The fact that the fence has been removed should not encourage persons well able to pay to dead-beat their way to the game, which will be played at the old Hughes athletic field.

PAID $1882 IN BOUNTIES.

Payments by County Commissioners Averaged $165 a Day for Two Weeks.

When the Board of County Commissioners concluded payments of bounties on Tuesday Chief Clerk Meyer figured out that in two weeks $1882 had been paid out, averaging payments of $165 per day. Payments were made under the Act of 1907.

Under instructions from the Auditor General's Department payments of bounties had to be concluded in time to have an itemized statement of all such payments filed at Harrisburg not later than yesterday. The last Legislature appropriated $50,000 for the payment of bounties and Centre County will be allowed its pro rata share of this amount. Should this be less than $1882 the difference will have to be made good by the county.

Tributes to Organist.

Dr. Minor C. Baldwin, the world-famed organist, who will give an organ recital in the Catholic church, in Bellefonte, on Wednesday evening, October 22, at 8 o'clock, has won flattering tributes in the leading cities in the United States and also abroad. The London "Musical Courier" had this to say about Dr. Baldwin:

"The splendid series of concerts given at the Royal Albert Hall have been well patronized and deserve to be continued next season. Dr. Minor Baldwin played with such musicianly skill that he was encored again and again."

The "Gleaner", published at Kingston, Jamaica, paid the following tribute to Dr. Baldwin:

"Music lovers were given an exceptionally rare treat on Monday night, when Dr. Baldwin gave his first organ recital at the Roman Catholic Cathedral on the magnificent new organ. The sacred edifice was crowded; among those present being His Excellency the Governor, Sir Sydney Olivier, and Captain Stokes, Acting A. D. C. Professor Baldwin's performance was unquestionably the most brilliant that has ever been heard on the Island. He demonstrated his absolute mastery of the organ and of his exceptional power and ability of which we now have ample proof."

Rt. Rev. Bishop J. J. Collins, of Kingston, Jamaica, in a personal letter warmly praised the recitals given by Dr. Baldwin.

Dedication at Gatesburg.

The new English Lutheran church of Gatesburg, was fittingly dedicated Sunday with impressive services. Rev. Dr. Charles T. Aikens, president of Susquehanna university, delivered the morning sermon and Rev. Spangler, of Yeagertown, lifted the collection, which netted something over $200 above the church indebtedness.

Testing Non-Partisan Law.

The constitutionality of the new non-partisan voting law was this week tested in the Dauphin County court. The constitutionality of the new law was attacked by the Committee of Seventy, a reform organization in Philadelphia. The law was upheld.

Boalsburg Road Meeting.

Dr. E. E. Sparks, of State College; John Francies and J. Linn Harris are billed to address a meeting at Boalsburg on Saturday in support of the proposed $50,000,000 loan for roads.

WOMAN'S LABOR LAW IS PROBLEM TO EMPLOYERS

Merchants and Manufacturers Puzzled by Requirements.

TAKES EFFECT NOV. 1ST.

Provision Limiting Girls to 10 Hours a Day Will Necessitate Stores Closing Earlier Saturdays—Maximum of 54 Hours Per Week.

The new State law governing the hours of employment of girls and women will radically affect numerous stores, factories and other institutions in Bellefonte and local business men are now engaged in re-arranging plans to enable them to comply with the new conditions. Some have their schedules already worked out, while others are no little confused and considerably in doubt as to how to adjust themselves to a law that applies to all, alike. The law goes into effect November 1st.

The new law prohibits the employment of girls or women more than 54 hours in any week, or their employment for more than 10 hours in any one day. These requirements are made mandatory and employers have no alternative but to obey the law. Likewise, girls and women employed in one establishment may not go to some other establishments in evenings and work extra hours if the total number of hours worked at the two places exceeds ten in one day.

"The Republican" is but one of many business places affected by the new law. The young lady compositors at present average 54 hours or less, which conforms to that provision of the new law. Monday, Tuesday and Friday they work nine hours. Thursday and Saturday the working day is 7½ hours. On Wednesday our compositors average from ten to twelve hours. Under the new law, regardless of what may be the demands of any Wednesday, our compositors will be limited to ten hours.

To fully comply with the law "The Republican" will be compelled to rearrange the working hours for compositors and the paper will be published a half-day later each week than at present. Subscribers residing in Bellefonte, lower Bald Eagle valley, State College, and a number of other localities, now receiving their papers on Thursday morning will not receive them until Thursday afternoon. The change in the hour of publication will not affect subscribers in Penns valley, Nittany valley or the upper Bald Eagle valley. This new plan will be in force beginning with the first issue of "The Republican" in November.

Some of the Bellefonte stores will adopt an earlier closing hour on Saturday evenings and also have their salesladies report for work at different times so that no one will work more than ten hours. Joseph's store, for instance, will close Saturday nights at 9 o'clock.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Chapman E. Underwood, Mida Brower	Unionville. "
Andy Beldo, Mary Sorotis	Sugar Camp. "
Samuel A. Boyer, Alice Acker	Coburn. "
John F. Treaster, Edith R. Royer	Spring Mills. "
Ray L. Showers, Florence Lykens	State College. Benore.
Robert W. Burkett, Anna M. Way	Stormstown. "
James C. Davis, Marie L. Gherrity	Bellefonte. "
Uriah M. Stover, Ida M. Shirk	Axe Mann. Bellefonte.
Verus R. Fenstermacher, Carrie C. Cowher	Oriole. Philipsburg.
Herbert Wilson, Bessie E. Griffith	Philipsburg. "
Harvey L. Park, Edna Blevins	Huntingdon. Poorman Side.
Andy W. Lawrence, Lizzie V. Sufko	Clarence. "

79,000 Automobiles Licensed.

Thus far over 79,000 automobiles in Pennsylvania have been registered at Harrisburg, the income from registration exceeding $800,000. It is expected that the registration for the year will be very close to 80,000. The registration in 1912 was 59,365.

A. L. Russell Dead.

A. L. Russell, proprietor of the Hotel Russell, of Lock Haven, died at his home at that place last Saturday evening. He suffered a stroke of paralysis about two weeks previous to his death.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

SUPERIOR COURT TICKET

Henderson, Alcorn, Grim and Kephart are Nominees.

The official count of the primary vote of September 16th was completed last Saturday and shows Judge Henderson, James J. Alcorn, Webster Grim and John W. Kephart to be the nominees for Superior Court Judges. Their names will accordingly appear on the official ballot at the November election. Two Superior Court Judges are to elected.

Mr. Grim, one of the four nominees, was named for Governor at the famous Allentown Democratic State convention, following Larue Munson's sensational withdrawal at the last minute. Grim was made the regular Democratic nominee and William H. Berry, now holding an $8,000 job as Collector of the Port, at Philadelphia, took the field as the Keystone party candidate. The regular Democrats in the State backed Grim in that campaign, while the so-called reorganizers lined up behind Berry. Judge Henderson is a present member of the Superior Court. The vote for the four highest candidates for Superior Court Judges was as follows:

Henderson	96,057
Alcorn	76,497
Grim	58,129
Kephart	53,469

Judge James M. Galbraith, of Butler County, was fifth highest man on the non-partisan ticket. His vote was 43,595

HAD ARM AMPUTATED

Roy Bruner Meets With Bad Accident on Railroad at Altoona.

Roy Bruner, a Pennsylvania Railroad fireman, with a run between Altoona and Pittsburgh, met with an accident last Thursday which necessitated the amputation of his left arm above the elbow. Mr. Bruner's wife is a former Bellefonte young lady, having been Miss Kate Wian.

On the day mentioned Mr. Bruner missed his footing and fell from his engine while in the Altoona yards. His left arm was so badly crushed that the physicians decided that amputation could not be avoided. The operation was successful and he is recovering as rapidly as could be expected.

Athletics Won Series.

The Philadelphia Athletics won the world's baseball series from New York last week, taking four games to one for New York. The scores for the games follow: First game, Athletics, 6; New York, 4. Second game, Athletics, 0; New York, 3. Third game, Athletics, 8; New York, 2. Fourth game, Athletics, 6; New York 5. Fifth game, Athletics, 3; New York, 1. The total receipts of the five games were $325,980.50. The total attendance was 150,992. The Athletics team received $81,098.50, while the New York players received $54,065.66. Each member of the Athletics team on Monday received a check for something over $3,000 for his week's work.

Brothers Vs. Brother.

A hurry-up call to the Sheriff's office for help last Sunday sent Deputy Sheriff Rowe and State policeman Burke on a run to the Chemical lime kilns. Mike Benzie, a foreigner and boarding-house boss, was the man who had flashed the call for help. He had been assaulted, he said, by two men, and his assailants were his brothers, E. B. and Wash Benzie. Mike insisted on his brothers being arrested, so they were lodged in jail until Monday, when they were given a hearing before Squire Brown. The upshot of the hearing was that E. B. and Wash were released, having agreed to pay the costs, amounting to $20.70, and also to leave the county

License Supply Exhausted.

County Treasurer John D. Miller has not been able to supply the demand for hunters licenses in Centre County. The lot furnished him from Harrisburg has been exhausted and he is issuing temporary cards, each bearing a number, name of person to whom issued and the official seal of the county. Up to Tuesday more than 2100 licenses had been issued. Some think twice this number will be disposed of in Centre County.

Over 25,000 Hunters Licenses.

Up to Friday of last week more than 25,000 hunter's licenses had been sold in the several counties in Pennsylvania, according to reports filed at Harrisburg. It is calculated that by the end of the year the total will close to 150,000. As each license costs $1 the revenue derived by the State will be approximately $150,000.

State Plays Harvard.

The Penn State football eleven will play Harvard, at Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday, October 25th. A number of Penn State students are arranging to attend the game.

The Crops.

Bradstreet's Report says: With the publication of the government reports as to late crops, the agricultural season of 1912-13 has measurably closed. Taken as a whole, the preliminary returns point to a rather better outcome than earlier sensational damage reports rendered probable.

Wheat, especially, has turned out better, and so have oats. Corn yields, though smaller than last year, probably equal light yields of the immediate past. Potatoes, tobacco and barley show slightly larger yields than were indicated a month ago. Cereal yields as a whole are below last year by 24 per cent., but exceed 1911 b. 4 per cent. Good prices for these and for the large carry-over from 1912 have made for a fairly satisfactory year for agriculture.

Winter-wheat seeding has gone forward actively in the past few weeks, rains have put the soil in good condition, and an area equal to last year's very large acreage is freely predicted.

Better weather in the southwest has made it possible to resume cotton picking in Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana. Storms and floods have washed out some cotton and injured the grade of more, but it is now conceded that a late, warm fall will render possible a much larger yield than seemed possible a few weeks ago. Some damage was done by a violent but rather restricted storm in the Carolinas last week. Cotton ginning is active, and the movement, stimulated by the high price, has been very large.

Louisiana rice and sugar crops have been damaged by heavy rains.

Kentucky tobacco crop results are better than expected some short time ago.

Establishing Apprentice Schools.

Apprentice schools will be established at once at important railroad points throughout the state under action taken last Thursday at Harrisburg by the extension committee of the State College trustees. The schools will be located at Philadelphia, Norristown, Allentown, Reading, Lancaster, York, Harrisburg, Williamsport, DuBois, Kane and Erie.

The recent legislature appropriated $20,000 for such work, the purpose of the schools being to give elementary technical training. They are to be located principally at railroad points, because it is thought that there a greater number of mechanics can be reached.

The Williamsport school is already opened. The Philadelphia school will be operated in the Young Men's Christian association building. Such schools have been maintained for some time by the Pennsylvania railroad, in co-operation with the State College authorities, at Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Altoona. The same road has a similar school at Wilmington, Deleware.

E. E. Sparks, president of State College, attended the meeting. No definite outline of the work was given, but it is expected shortly to issue complete details of the plans which are being made.

Have Smallpox in Control.

The Mill Hall correspondent of the Lock Haven "Express" last Saturday wrote the following: Our people are now settling down to their usual lines of business and home affairs since the outbreak of smallpox in our borough just one week ago this afternoon, when Dr. A. B. Painter discovered four cases of this dreaded disease in the town. The people are doing all they can to assist the medical fraternity to stamp out the disease and we are glad to say that Dr. Painter is much pleased with the situation. He stated that there have been no new cases since last Saturday, when he discovered the four persons who are now affected.

The new Board of Health met last evening to organize and talk over the situation, and it is with much pleasure that we can state that the situation is much improved. We find that the people living outside of our borough are more alarmed than the people who live in Mill Hall.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Mrs. Tammie Keller to Mrs. Annie Noll tract of land in Harris twp.; $350.

T. E. Greist et ux to Edward Flick tract of land in Union twp.; $800.

H. C. Robison et ux to William Wright et al, tract of land in Union twp.; $1400.

Charles W. Fisher to Elias Weaver tract of land in Gregg twp.; $856.

Robert U. Bitner et ux to Elias Weaver tract of land in Gregg twp.; $1000.

William G. Runkle to Hannah F. Packer tract of land in Curtin twp.; $200.

Dr. C. P. W. Fisher's Heirs to Emma A. Fisher tract of land in Boalsburg $1000.

Emma A. Fisher to George N. Fisher tract of land in Boalsburg; $500.

Learn Something

to your advantage.

Write for our booklet entitled "What would you like to know." It explains our methods of suppling confidential information. Mailed on request, No Charge

THE WORLD INFORMATION ASSOCIATION.
1152 Bowling Green Building, New York

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Which is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by a Bellefonte Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment.
Must be proved to be as represented.
The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit.
But the endorsement of friends is.
Now supposing you had a bad back,
A lame, weak, or aching one,
Would you experiment on it?
You will read of many so-called cures.
Endorsed by strangers from far away places.
It's different when the endorsement comes from home.
Easy to prove local testimony.
Read this Bellefonte case:

James H. Rine, 239 W. Hight St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly a wonderful kidney remedy. Ten years ago I first used them and what at that time I told in a public statement still holds good. I have often urged my friends to try Doan's Kidney Pills and in every instance where my advice has been followed, relief has been had from kidney trouble. Whenever I hear anyone complaining of kidney disorders, I advise a trial of Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing that they will have a good effect."

The above statement must carry conviction to the mind of every reader. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Rine had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

Railroad Efficiency Tests.

A compilation has been made showing that during the month of August the Pennsylvania Railroad made efficiency tests to ascertain the observance of train safety rules in nearly 185,000 cases. The fact that out of this enormous number of observations, failures to observe the strict letter of the law were reported in only seventy-nine cases, indicates the care which is being taken by the employes to do their full duty.

In 1,852 cases tests were made of the observance of signals set at danger, and in all but one case there was perfect performance. Of 526 signals set at caution, all but three of the cases observed were duly obeyed. There were 1,321 tests of the observance by enginemen of flagmen's signals, and in not a single case was there failure to obey the rule perfectly.

Particular attention was also given to the performance by flagmen of their required duty, there being 5,989 tests on this subject, out of which there was perfect performance in all but thirteen cases.

Conformity of enginemen to speed limit regulations was tested in 6,570 cases, with twenty-one failures. Observance was made in 12,012 cases to ascertain whether trains were leaving or arriving at stations ahead of time. In every case tested, the performance was perfect. Observance of regulations as to handling explosives and inflamables was tested in 9,960 cases, with but two delinquencies.

In addition to the rules especially directed at insuring safety to trains, there are a very large number of rules governing the ordinary performances of employes, and efficiency tests are also constantly conducted as to the observance of such regulations. Practically all the tests, however, embraced in the 185,000 cases mentioned relate to rules designed primarily to protect the safety of trains and employes.

R. R. Tickets for Mileage.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is contemplating the establishment of a plan whereby holders of mileage may before boarding a train exchange their mileage for a regular ticket to the point of destination. This, it is thought, would be of particular value to night travelers between Pittsburgh and New York city. It is often the case that on a night train to New York there will be 60 or 70 passengers traveling on mileage. The arrangement contemplated would obviate the necessity for conductors retaining the mileage books over night and also eliminate the possibility of error in returning mileage books to the proper owners the next morning.

The question is now being considered as to whether this plan can be perfected and it is possible that when the details are worked out, the scheme may be given a trial between Pittsburgh and New York, which is the route on which the greatest use of mileage tickets is made.

The scheme under consideration does not contemplate any compulsory change in the present practice of handling mileage books, but is designed simply for the convenience of those passengers who desire to make use of it.

After the Fall Work is Done.

Why not enter the Lock Haven Normal School October 27th? You can spend seven and a half weeks there for $36.25 if you are over seventeen and intend to teach. The winter term will begin January 5th. Write for catalogue, to Dr. George P. Singer, Principal. 10-2-3t.

Remember the name—Doan's—and "I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels., so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

The Black House

A Mystery Solved

By ALICE GRAY

I was one of the detectives on duty at the Ramercliff-Halsey wedding receptions, where thousands of dollars' worth of beautiful gifts were displayed in the library and adjoining study, and my duties had confined me to these rooms, where a pageant of brilliantly gowned women and somber clad men passed in and out.

It was a marriage of youth, beauty and great wealth with talent and more wealth, for Dr. Ramercliff had a national reputation as a specialist in diseases of the brain, and it had been a matter for universal surprise when the grave and studious physician had stepped from the seclusion of professional life to court the brilliant young debutante and win her.

Now the bride had retired to don her traveling gown. They were to leave on the western express, and their destination was a secret.

Presently they came, and I shall never forget Dr. Ramercliff's look as he passed out of the door with his beautiful bride. His handsome face expressed maniacal triumph.

A feeling of uneasiness possessed me for days afterward, and I was not surprised when Benjamin Halsey, the father of the bride, paid me a visit in my private office.

He was looking haggard and worried, quite unlike the happy, genial gentleman who had presided at the wedding of his motherless daughter.

"Blair, I need your help," he said when we were alone.

"What is it, sir?" I inquired.

"You were at my daughter's wedding reception three weeks ago. You saw my daughter leave the house with her husband?"

"Yes."

"They have disappeared—completely disappeared."

"Well?" I was still wondering at his anxiety.

"Read that," he said, thrusting a tattered bit of paper into my hands.

It was a piece of brown wrapping paper, and on it were a few scrawled words: "Oh, father, come! This terrible black house! I am going mad! He is coming now! I must hide this! Bessie."

"You believe that your daughter wrote that?"

"I do. It is her handwriting. It was received in my mail this morning, the envelope bearing a blurred postmark, and in addition to my name and address were the penciled words, 'Whoever finds this please mail at once.'"

He produced the envelope, and I studied the postmark through my strongest glasses.

"Looks like Woodrift. That's a little village down on Long Island," I said finally. "I'll go down there at once. You believe that both of them have met with foul play?"

He shook his head doubtfully. "Read that note over again, Blair. It's some of Ramercliff's work, I fear. I should never have allowed Bess to marry him. He is almost mad himself over his profession, but he fascinated her. You will go at once, Blair?"

"Within the hour," I decided, replacing the time table in my pocket.

It was 4 o'clock when I reached Woodrift, a little north shore village, surrounded on three sides by oak forests and on the fourth by a shallow harbor.

I made casual inquiry among the loungers about the postoffice and hotel where I put up, but none of them had seen any strangers thereabouts. The postmaster did give me a clew.

"The old Vale place was taken by strangers several months ago, but I don't believe any one is there yet."

"Who is the caretaker?"

"Search me!" said the postmaster, returning to his neglected duties. "Some queer foreigner who lives in the barn and buys his supplies over to Oakville."

I chose to take my first view of the Vale place by moonlight. I had traversed perhaps half a mile along the gloomy wood road, where moonlight fell in silver patches on the carpet of thick leaves, when a man passed me, going swiftly toward the village.

He paused and peered at me for an instant.

"Where you go?" he asked thickly, and I smelt whisky on his breath.

"Oakville," I said sharply.

"Oh," he said, with his foreign accent. "You on wrong road. Go back quarter mile, turn to left."

"Thanks," I murmured ironically, for I recognized the caretaker of the Vale place and his evident desire to lure me away from the house, which he was leaving unguarded.

To allay his suspicions I walked back with him and allowed him to place me on the right path. When he was out of sight I retraced my steps and, after walking for perhaps a mile, always following the more untraveled road, I finally came upon a high brick wall that wound around among the trees encircling the dark bulk of a large house.

It was a lonely spot enough, the woods closing around the house within the wall. The moonlight fell in patches on the ground, overgrown with coarse grass and briers. The shutters of the house appeared closed, but against the night sky I saw a thin trail of smoke from one of the chimneys.

As I studied the house I noticed a strange radiance that seemed to be diffused from the roof, a soft, steady, golden glow such as might be produced by a skylight in the ceiling of a brilliantly lighted room under the roof.

I swung myself into the branches of a huge oak tree that overhung the flat roof and was soon creeping on hands and knees over the tin covering the edges. Beyond that was an expanse of sash such as is used in greenhouses occupying almost the entire roof.

"Another freakish New Yorker," I muttered to myself as I hung over the edge of the glass roof and peered down into the lighted space.

Beneath me was a large room furnished as a bedroom and a study. There were a large table heaped with books and papers, a desk and comfortable chairs. The walls were lined with bookcases filled with volumes bound in uniform dark covering.

It was a workroom, the workroom of a student.

The student was Dr. Ramercliff. He was sitting at the desk absorbed in writing. He had already filled sheet after sheet of paper, all of which were scattered over desk and floor.

Suddenly he leaned back in his chair and an agonized expression convulsed his face. He reached his hand toward a small vial, shook some pellets into his mouth and dropped back in his chair, one hand gripping his heart. His eyes closed and he breathed heavily. Was his seizure a heaven sent opportunity for me?

I slipped back to my tree, gained the piazza and found entrance through a front window. I pried open the wooden shutters, smashed the glass with the butt of my revolver, turned the catch and raised the sash. As I entered I seemed to be smothered in folds of heavy drapery. Kicking myself clear, I found myself in total darkness.

I drew out my electric torch and pressed the button. "Heavens!" I shuddered as I realized my surroundings.

I appeared to be in a mortuary chapel, for walls and ceiling were paneled in black, the carpet was of thick black pile, the furniture of dead black lusterless teakwood, cushions, draperies—everything in that horrible room was the same grewsome black.

I opened the black enameled door and entered a black hall. I passed through a black library and a black dining room, and my nerves were a-tingle with horror.

The kitchen was a cheerful apartment compared to the others, for it was slate gray.

Up the black painted stairs I crept, feeling a strange depression stealing over me, the unwholesome influence of the dreadful house; through a black upper hall to the nearest black paneled door. There I paused.

What would I find within this grewsome place where Dr. Ramercliff, plainly a lunatic, had taken his beautiful bride, petted daughter of the millionaire?

I turned the handle and entered a black boudoir.

Stretched on the couch, face downward, her face buried in black sofa pillows, was a slender form garbed in black.

Her hair was white as snow.

I turned the light upon her, and I placed my hand on her arm, and she screamed with terror.

"Go away!" she cried. "Oh, go away!"

"Mrs. Ramercliff," I said—"Miss Halsey—Bessie!"

At the last word she turned and lifted her beautiful white face to me, a face wild with fear. Her black eyes widened, and she gave one great glad cry.

"Oh, take me to father!" And then she sank back unconscious.

I did not stand upon my going from that place. I gathered the poor little bride in my arms and carried her down the stairs and out of that awful house.

I was able to get a team that would take us to Oakdale, where I hired a motorcar, and about midnight we drew up to the Halsey residence, the white haired bride with my handkerchief tied over her lovely locks, garbed in black, and I the young detective with my first great case.

Mr. Halsey was in his library, and I shall never forget his glad face when I restored his daughter to him.

I remained long enough to hear her story, and then I left father and daughter together, for I must journey once more down to Woodrift and ascertain if that insane bridegroom had succumbed to the seizure I had witnessed from the roof.

He was dead when I reached the black house, a victim of heart disease. And so perished a brilliant mind that was destroyed by its own intensity.

Bessie's story was pitiable enough.

Her husband had taken her to the black house, and as coolly and impersonally as he might have watched the struggles of a butterfly impaled on a pin he studied the effect of color on the brain. In the dense black atmosphere of the black house he calmly watched the slow killing of the beautiful girl. He had told her of his intention, and she had struggled desperately to get a message to her father. Once she had escaped and reached the road, but when she found them in pursuit she tossed her letter into the bushes and allowed herself to be recaptured, but her message had gone forth.

That was all. Mrs. Ramercliff recovered her health and beauty, and the secret of her disappearance was never divulged.

Benjamin Halsey kept his word. He rewarded me. He made me the richest man in the world, for I married Bessie afterward.

Two and Four Tined Forks.

A writer in the Washington Post tells of an old lady who remembered dining at the White House with Mr and Mrs. John Quincy Adams. Mr Adams ate with his fork, and Mrs Adams apologized for it, saying that he had acquired the habit during his sojourn in France. Mrs Adams and the other guests used their knives. All this is a comment on changing manner. But it should be noted that Mr Adams ate with a four tined silver fork, while the other guests had only two tined forks, which then were the common kind. Without the development of the four tined fork the habit of eating with one's knife would not have been so rapidly discarded. As between a four tined fork and a knife the fork is to be chosen for convenience's sake, but as between a two tined fork and a knife on many occasions the latter would be actually the more serviceable.—Springfield Republican.

Power of Lightning.

It is hardly possible to use instruments for the purpose of figuring the forces of lightning, yet there are many other ways of calculating familiar to every mathematician. The amount of light given by a single lightning flash is enough to illuminate an area two miles square. The bolt itself would be visible several miles farther off, but the remotest part of the region mentioned would have as much light as would be given by a candle—quite enough to read by. To produce such a light it would be necessary to expend 13,000 horsepower for a second. These figures appear very large, but the time is short. The flash might be for only one-thousandth part of a second, but the impression on the eye would continue for a tenth of a second anyway. Figured down to an exact hour this amount of force would mean only about four horsepower.—Electric News.

An Effective Rebuke.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is not one of the most conventional of monarchs and sometimes rebukes his officials in a fashion which comes perflously near a practical joke. On one occasion the emperor sent a message to the official who was responsible for keeping his roads in order, stating that in a couple of days a royal carriage would be sent to convey him to the castle of Lainz. On the day appointed the emperor's coachman drove the official at full gallop over the worst roads in the district, splashing him from head to foot in mud. When he eventually arrived at the castle he began profuse apologies for the state of his clothes to the grand duke, but was met with the prearranged reply: "Oh, that's nothing! The emperor comes home like that every time he goes out for a drive." The official's roads were soon put in perfect order.

Cameo Carving.

Cameo carving is by no means a dead art and is being taken up by many young men and women of this city as a fascinating recreation. It is rather an expensive fad, and it is interesting to watch one of these skilled amateur craftsmen at his bench executing a difficult model. All the tools used by the carver are but a handful. The worker sits before a wheel turned by a pedal and the little, pointed instruments, resembling those used by dentists, are placed in the corner of the small table on which the worker's hand rests while he holds the shaped stone or shell beneath the needle-like drills. The drills vary in thickness according to the portion of the design to be executed. On account of the high nervous tension the amateur carver works but a short time each day.—New York Sun.

Talking to the Wrong Man.

While Judge Dooly was holding court in Washington county, Ga., a certain General Hanson, who was famed as a blowhard, came in and sat down at the side of the judge and began to tell him about the vast amounts of property he owned.

"Stop just a moment, general," said Judge Dooly. "Mr. Sheriff, call in Jones, the receiver of tax returns."

In a few moments that worthy appeared.

"Mr. Receiver," said the judge, "come up here and make an inventory of General Hanson's property. He has mistaken me for you."

Deserved the Most.

Departing Guest—Out of this sum give each of the waiters 10 sous and Henri 5 francs. Head Porter—But Henri has just now entered our employment. He has not yet served you. Guest—And therefore he is the only one who hasn't annoyed me.—Heitere Welt.

Remote Connection.

Scottish Elder (to loafer)—Weel, Mr. McDonald, what church do ye belong tae? McDonald—It's like this, Mr. McPheerson. I canna richtly be said tae gang tae ony kirk, but it's the auld kirk I stay awa' frae.—London Express.

Portugal.

Portugal was formerly known as Lusitania. The present name is derived from Port Callo, the ancient name of the town now known to us as Oporto.

Ebony.

Ebony is always soaked in water for from six to eighteen months as soon as cut. It comes chiefly from Mauritius and the East Indies.

Followed Suit.

"The prima donna fell down in the opening to that aria."

"Lawdy days! So did our cook."—Baltimore American.

An Old Time Sea Serpent.

Good Bishop Pontopidan in his celebrated "Natural History of Norway" tells the story of a boat's crew of eight sailors under a certain Captain De Ferry who encountered a formidable looking sea serpent off the Norwegian coast along the middle of the eighteenth century. The animal, according to all accounts, was some 600 feet long or about the size of a modern battleship. The crew at first endeavored to entice the monster into the boat, but the wily beast responded by lashing the water so furiously with its tail that one of the seamen was carried out of the boat on a wave at least 100 feet high, which the serpent with the incessant beating of its tail kept towering rigidly in the air for nearly ten minutes. Meanwhile the seaman slid safely down the other side and back into the boat. Immediately the crew began an assault upon the monster, which they maintained with such fury that the beast turned tail and fled. According to the captain, he went so fast that he "disappeared on the horizon twenty miles away almost on the moment that he began the retreat."

Waking From Sleep.

That is the test of robust health—the manner in which you rise from your bed in the morning. When a man is in perfect health he awakens naturally if his body has been sufficiently refreshed by its rest. The hours of repose are a matter of habit and temperament. In many cases, mental activity is at its height in those first minutes of waking. Poets and authors have conceived brilliant ideas in those moments of perfect physical repose, the brain alert and the organs and tissues toned up after their rest. Reluctance to leave the bed is not a good sign—a really healthy man is too full of vigor to lie still. Quality, not quantity, is the ruling factor in sleep. The broken nightmare or fitful slumber is not rest, for at such times neither brain nor body is in repose. Four hours of sleep with all feeling or thought in oblivion are worth more than nine hours of restlessness.

Knew Him as Well.

A certain cantankerous old gentleman not long ago advertised for a coachman, who was required, among other qualifications, to posses an intimate acquaintance with the neighborhood. But to his great surprise he received not a single application for the vacant post.

"I cannot understand it at all," he said, as during a chat one day with an old ostler at the local livery stables he had mentioned the fact.

"Let me see," said the latter, as a gleam of intelligence flitted across his face. "Ye hadvertised, I believe, for one as 'must be well acquainted with the neighborhood,' didn't ye?"

"I did," replied the old gentleman shortly. "I want some one who knows his way about."

"Ah, that explains it," was the answer. "Ye see, they who knows the neighborhood well knows ye too!"—Exchange.

His Pretty Compliment.

When the Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy was the lovely young bride of the crown prince this anecdote of her reception in one of the hill towns was widely told in the press.

The little boy who was to present the usual bouquet was the son of a distinguished literary man, and he had been taught a pretty poem of a few lines in graceful praise of the princess. But when the moment came to recite it he stood mutely gazing at her, too overcome to speak. After a moment, in order to relieve the situation, the princess smiled and held out her hand for the flowers. The little fellow held back for a moment, then, to the delight of the assembly, explained confidentially as he gave the flowers to her: "There were verses, but you are so beautiful I can't remember them."

Schumann, the Composer.

Robert Schumann, the great composer, tried to become a lawyer to please his mother and failed after two years of wearisome study. At Heidelberg university he made the acquaintance of Willibald Alexis, who had already trodden the path Schumann was destined to follow—that through the law to music. And the eminent jurist whose classes he attended, A. F. J. Thibaut, was an amateur musician of high attainments and the author of a work on precisely that aspect of music to which Schumann was peculiarly sensitive—namely, purity in musical art.

A Soft Answer, Etc.

Young Wife (pettishly)—You always seemed to have plenty of money before we were married. Loving Husband—It was only seeming. I had very little. Young Wife—And you told me you expected to be rich. Loving Husband—I am rich, my dear; I've got you.

She subsided.—Yonkers Statesman.

Women as a Power.

If ever the time comes when women shall come together simply and purely for the benefit of mankind, it will be a power such as the world has never dreamed of.—Matthew Arnold.

Barkless Dogs.

There are three varieties of the dog that never bark—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lion headed" dog of Tibet.

Voting in Switzerland.

In Switzerland every citizen, whether he is a householder or not, is entitled to a vote on attaining the age of twenty.

If the power to do hard work is not a talent it is the best possible substitute for it.—Garfield.

The Yellow Claw

Was It the End of It?

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Perkins entered his employer's private office and laid a square paper wrapped package at Murray's elbow.

"By parcel post, marked 'Personal,'" he murmured apologetically and went away as silently as he had come.

John Murray stared at the package with incredulous eyes. Suddenly his jaw set firmly and he jumped up and, locking the door to the outer office, went to his safe and took from an inner compartment two other packages of the same size and shape as the one Perkins had just brought in.

With the three packages ranged before him on the desk, John Murray studied them with knitted brow.

They were exactly alike. He opened one of the packages.

Within was a square box of Chinese red lacquer, with a powdering of gold on the lid. The box was perhaps ten inches square and three inches deep.

Murray lifted the lid and gazed long at the strange contents of the box.

On a bed of red silk lay a hand—a hideous, claw-like hand—with long, transparent nails. The thing was made of yellow wax, but so perfect was the workmanship and so faithfully had the artisan carried out his idea that the yellow hand seemed like that of a living human hand, a veined and knotted hand, with muscled fingers half curled, as if in malignant desire to clutch, to strangle, to kill.

There was nothing else in the box save the yellow, claw-like hand.

With set lips Murray opened the second box and disclosed a facsimile of the waxen hand and the third box and saw still another hand. But this last hand contained in the box just arrived was closed, as though it held something in a death grip.

Murray shuddered a little, for he knew that the throat which the Yellow Claw longed to grasp was his own.

He knew that the death grip was intended for his own strong, brown throat.

Murray knew that he had received the three warnings and that if he did not obey the last one—well, he drew a sharp breath and walked to the window—well, if he didn't heed the third warning, why, he would disappear as mysteriously as Henderson had vanished three months before or as completely as Moore had dropped out of sight six months ago.

"I will speak to Swinnerton. He must advise me," muttered Murray as he thrust the boxes back into the safe and locked the door.

As he spoke there came a rap at the office door.

He turned the key and admitted Perkins, who darted little, snaky glances around the room as he delivered his message:

"Mr. Swinnerton to see you, sir."

"Send him in, please," said Murray shortly and he pushed forward a deep chair for his visitor, who entered almost immediately. Tom Swinnerton was a tall, thin, anxious looking young man with fair hair tousled over his fine forehead. He sank down in the chair and tossed his hat on the desk.

"Hope I don't bore you, Murray, but I've heard from them," he said with a nervous laugh.

John Murray uttered a faint echo of the laugh.

"I'm in the same box, Tom. I've heard three times."

"My God, Murray!" gasped the other. "You don't mean—why, what are you going to do about it?"

Murray shrugged his shoulders. "The third call came only half an hour ago."

"I've heard twice. I came to ask your advice," shuddered the younger man, fixing his anxious eyes on Murray's strong face.

"There's only one thing to do, Tom, after all"—and Murray turned suddenly and sat down close to his visitor. He spoke in a whisper: "You know we four, Moore and Henderson, you and I, promised to obey the call of the Yellow Claw at any time in return for which they allowed Henderson to go free after that fiasco of his up the river. Those were rough days for foreigners in China, and, well, I don't believe any one of us expected to be called upon to do what the Yellow Claw demands. Henderson must have refused and Moore as well, for you know they have both disappeared."

"Well, what is the one thing to do, John?" asked Tom after awhile.

"Go down into Chinatown, find out what they want and then decide what is best to be done."

"When shall we go?"

"Tonight is best. I've had my last call. The third hand held a garroter's cord. Jove, they're an uncanny set, these Chinese!" Murray arose and paced the floor.

"Why Chinatown? We don't know where to go," objected Tom.

"They've come by parcel post. I've investigated and can tell you the very station from which they were mailed. And I'm pretty sure that when we get into Chinatown there will be some one looking out for us to take us to the Yellow Claw."

* * * * * * * *

The two men dined in silence, and when the early twilight was falling they walked slowly up Dupont street, touching elbows with slant eyed Asiatics who had formed this foreign settlement in California's largest city.

As they passed a dark alley a Chinese stepped forth and held out a lean hand toward them.

"Come," he said in a shrill whisper, and the two followed, knowing that they had received the dreaded summons.

Down the alley, lighted at long distances by small smoky oil lamps above grim doorways, through a broken arch, a turn to the left, through a swiftly opened door, down an ill lighted passage, at the end of which were broken steps leading down into a black void. Their guide produced a candle, lighted it and led the way down other steps into the bowels of the earth. At last he paused before a black painted door and rapped softly three times, then three times again.

The door swung inward and disclosed a dimly lighted room.

Under a canopy of richly embroidered satin there sat on a cushioned teakwood chair a dignified figure clad in a Chinese robe of stiff bdocade. On the breast of the tunic hung a heavy chain of amber beads and from the beads there swung a life size waxen hand—the replica of the three that John Murray had received, and of the two that had come to Swinnerton.

The face of the man in the chair was hidden under a queer mask of painted porcelain, but his bright dark eyes shone through narrow slits beneath the painted brows.

Murray looked around to find that the door was closed and their guide had disappeared. They were alone with the grim figure in the chair.

"Advance," mumbled the figure in English, and the two obeyed mechanically. Murray's hand rested on the revolver in his coat pocket.

"You have come in obedience to the beckoning of the Yellow Claw," went on the voice monotonously; "are you prepared to keep your promise made to the most high Feng Soy?" His voice dropped to a whisper as he aded a few words of secret import. A dead silence followed his speech.

"What is it you wish us to do?" asked Murray at last.

Again the personage bowed his covered head and whispered short abrupt sentences that caused his heroes to stiffen with horror.

Their faces were white like drifted snow when they lifted them to the impassive porcelain mask. Swinnerton's eyes were fixed on the bright dark eyes of the personage with a strange intensity; it was as if he was trying to wring some secret from the keeper of the Yellow Claw—as if he was racking his memory for some clew. Murray broke the silence.

"And if we refuse?" he asked.

"If you refuse," answered the voice, "Henderson and Moore will no longer be alone."

Tom was laughing and in either clutched hand was a revolver; his long neck was thrust forward and his head nodded waggishly at the personage.

For the first time the figure in the teakwood chair moved, the hands sought folds of the voluminous robes and flashed out again.

Four revolver shots deafened the air, and when the smoke had cleared away Swinnerton was sitting on the floor with a bullet through his arm, while the teakwood chair was empty.

On the silken carpet before the dais was a huddled form under folds of stiff brocade.

Murray leaned over his friend and assisted him to rise.

"Tom, are you badly hurt?"

"A scratch on my arm. I believe Perkins is dead. Better look and see," returned the other with a dry laugh.

"Perkins! What are you talking about?"

"Why, I guess you'll find that the Yellow Claw is nothing less than your confidential clerk, Perkins. I thought his face was familiar, but couldn't place it. Remember Blake, the renegade white man who got Henderson into that trouble up the Yangtze?"

"Yes, of course; but Perkins"—

"Perkins is Blake, and the rascal has been working us four to the limit. Must have robbed and murdered Moore and Henderson. Both wore handsome jewelry and carried large sums of money when they disappeared. Let us get out of this."

"But the Yellow Claw?" protested Murray, unconvinced that all these years of uneasiness and the last few weeks of terror had been inspired by the machinations of his snaky eyed clerk.

"Perkins is the Yellow Claw. It doesn't exist outside of China. That's my best bet. He's used his knowledge to blackmail us, and he may be the tool for treasonable powers higher up. Remember the sums of money he demanded? Whew!"

Murray stepped to the prostrate form and turned it over. The porcelain mask fell away and disclosed the dead face of Perkins. The waxen hand at his neck was red with blood.

Without another word the two Americans left the room. Together they fled silently by strange passages and through crooked corridors, darting blindly here and there, up darksome stairways, until, guided by a watchful Providence, they found themselves in a dim courtyard that was peopled only in the shadows. No one stayed their flight, for no one cared. Each had his own affairs, and murder was a common thing.

Finally they came to the Signal building, and Murray helped his companion up to the office and telephoned for a physician to attend to Swinnerton's wounded arm.

"Now to live," muttered Swinnerton with a grim smile. "The Yellow Claw is dead."

But Murray shivered as if he felt the cold breath of some evil premonition.

"I am not so sure about that," he said slowly.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars: Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimation of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for."—so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or service for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, underground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities or counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year; and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of [illegible] sylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties or municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Frederick the Great and Music.

Frederick the Great was the most distinguished musical amateur of his age, and his position gave him the power to regulate the style of composition employed by the musicians of his period. For instance, he made the following rules to be followed by operatic composers: "All the principal singers must have big arias and different in character, as an adagio aria, which must be very cantabile to show off to good advantage the voice and delivery of the singer. In da capo the artist can then display her art in embellishing variations. Then there must be an allegro aria with brilliant passages, a gallant aria, a duet for the first male singer and the prima donna. In these pieces the big forms of measure must be used so as to give pathos to the tragedy. The smaller forms of time, such as two-four and three-eight, are for the secondary roles, and for these a tempo minuetto can be written. There must be the necessary changes of time, but minor keys must be avoided in the theater, because they are too mournful."—Argonaut.

Curious Pets.

During a visit to the outer Florida reef, away out on the very last sand bank that can, by courtesy, be called an island, I made the acquaintance of an old Indian fisherman, who had some of the most interesting pets it was ever my good fortune to see.

One was a large, red clawed hermit crab, that had taken up its home in an old fashioned, silver ornamented pipe, and at all hours of the day and night the clanking of the pipe could be heard, sometimes on the table, again on the wall, and often it would roll off and fall with a crash upon the floor, and then there would be a silence for awhile, until, perhaps, the hermit recovered from its surprise and astonishment.

The hermit was thoroughly a house pet, and no sooner did he venture beyond the door than he was in danger of being snapped up by two other pets, one a man-of-war hawk and the other a gray pelican.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Story of Van Speyck.

In "Holland of the Dutch" Demetrius Boulger retells as one of Holland's heroic episodes the story of Van Speyck.

"It was during the Belgian revolution, when General Chasse held possession of the citadel of Antwerp and a Dutch squadron held the scheldt and secured his communications with Holland. In February, 1831, during a heavy gale a Dutch gunboat went adrift and grounded near the river bank. The Belgians determined to secure what seemed an easy prize and boarded the boat. The young commander, Lieutenant Van Speyck, had only thirty-one men under him. There were several hundred Belgians, and resistance was really out of the question, but he refused to haul down his flag. He opened the door of his magazine, and as the assailants rushed to seize him he fired his pistol into the powder, and the ship was blown to pieces with nearly every one on board."

The Smallest Golf Course.

What is probably the smallest golf course in existence is to be found on the May, the rocky islet which lies on the north side of the mouth of the firth of Forth, some five miles south of Crail, on the coast of Fifeshire. The island is about a mile in length and two and one-half furlongs in breadth and has a surface of rather more than 160 acres, but as a large part of it is unplayable for one reason or another the course consists of only three holes. To make the "round" it is necessary to play the course six times. The distance between the holes, however, is considerable, and the links are decidedly difficult of negotiation. The best score is said to be seventy.—Pearson's Weekly.

Out of Service.

A young housekeeper, if her cook is stupid, her nurse idle, her maid more given to flirtation than to household duties, sighs for the model servants of the good old times. But did "the good old times" ever exist historically, or do they only live in dreams and ballads?

Charles Dickens tells of the appalling stupidity of London kitchens. Sir Walter Scott mentions a genius who, fearing that all his master's bees would desert the hive, plastered the openings and suffocated all the inmates. Samuel Breck has grewsome accounts of burglars, highwaymen, pirates and murderers among the convicts sent over from England before the Revolution. Daniel Defoe's pictures of extravagance, carelessness, rascality and all that is undesirable among servants is a classic. Jonathan Swift's "Directions to Servants" seems to forestall every story of negligence, or wastefulness, or dirtiness the present generation has heard.—Living Church.

The Top Hat.

Although the beginning of the "cylinder of civilization," as it has been called, can be traced back to the Elizabethan era, it is only about seventy or eighty years ago that the top hat of the present day reached its final shape. Since then it has altered slightly in the dimensions of the crown and the curl of the brim, but the hat itself has remained essentially unchanged. The top hat seems to have had its beginning in the habit of gallants in the Elizabethan period of cocking up one side of their broad brimmed, high crowned felt or beaver hats and securing them with a jewel. The French court later developed this into cocking up three sides of the hat and fastening one with a loop of ribbon. From this fashion came the cockade, now used only by grooms and footmen. The silk hat of today was born in France and supplanted the now nearly extinct beaver hat of practically the same shape, though considerably larger.—London Standard.

Blind Swimmers.

The man who is unfortunate enough to lose his sight or to be born blind is, says a medical authority, severely handicapped on dry ground, but he can, if he is a swimmer, find his way easily enough in the water. Blind people generally have a keen sense of hearing, and they can steer themselves in the water by sound as well as an ordinary man by sight. If they are swimming toward a certain point a whistle from time to time will enable them to reach it with unerring accuracy. This fact has been proved by some interesting experiments. A race between blind men and ordinary swimmers on a lake resulted in a victory for the former. Normal swimmers lose much time in raising their heads for the purpose of keeping their eyes on the winning post. This also prevents them from concentrating all their attention on speed.—Exchange.

Roses For Restoring Hair.

Roses form the chief ingredient in what is probably the earliest recipe for a hair restorer on record. According to Pliny, "wild rose leaves reduced into a liniment with bear's grease make the hair grow again in most marvelous fashion." Pliny also recommends "ashes of roses as serving to trim the hairs of the eyebrows." Roses figured prominently in several old time strong drinks, such as rosa solis, which consisted of rosewater mixed with aqua vitae and flavored with cinnamon. The favorite morning draft among Elizabethan roisterers was "rosa solis, to wash the molligrubs out of a moody brain."—London Chronicle.

Remote Origin of Alcohol.

No one knows when alcohol was first made. It is commonly taught that it was first distilled by the Arabians about the tenth century, but there is little doubt that they obtained the secret from Italian doctors, who had long been practicing it. Paul Richter in the Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift shows that a knowledge of "aqua ardens," or "burning water," may be traced as far back as the second century A. D. to a Christian father named Hippolytus, who possessed a recipe analogous to those handed about during the middle ages.

Oldest Ball Game.

Tennis is pronounced the oldest of all the existing ball games. It is impossible to give its origin, but it was played in Europe during the middle ages in the parks or ditches of the feudal castles. It was at first the pastime of kings and nobles, but later it grew popular with all classes. The French took it from the Italians and the English from the French.—New York Press.

Unpleasant Reaction.

Bones—What is it that makes you look so downhearted? Binks—My employee's wife has endowed another mission. Bones—What of that? Binks—Every time she does it the old man cuts down our salaries to get even.—Boston Post.

Involved.

Young Woman Applicant—Excuse me, but I suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want a young lady to do nothing, don't you? Business Man—Yes, I don't.—London Tatler.

Will Power.

There are exceptions to the rule, but if a man is worth saving he generally will manage to do it himself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The power to acquire is worth more than the thing gained.—Old Saying.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., October 16, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub.

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REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Jury Commissioner,
John D. Decker, of Potter Twp.

For Coroner,
Dr. S. M. Huff, of Milesburg Boro.

Mr. Thomas Martin who has been employed at Akron, Ohio, for some time, returned home on Thursday.

"Higher wages and lower prices", promised by the Democrats, had better take an early start, for it will take a long time to get there.

Anybody who has bought a beefsteak in the last week would never suspect the new tariff law to have reduced the price. We haven't bought any, but that's what the neighbors tell us.

Judging by the way those Athletics handed it to New York they would hardly be classed as residents of the "City of Brotherly Love." Perhaps they were living up to the adage of "be gentle, but strike hard."

As it turns out, the new Democratic tariff law and a jump in the price of quinine to almost double the old cost arrived at the same time. And winter is close at hand when quinine is in the greatest demand. This cutting down the cost of living is a great thing.

It has been aptly remarked that Governor Sulzer, of New York, was impeached at the instance of Tammany not because of the things he did after becoming Governor but because of the things he did while a part and parcel of Tammany. It is pretty generally understood that had not Sulzer cut loose from Tammany everything would have continued to be lovely.

Did you notice the fine Italian hand of President Wilson in bowling out Congressman Clayton as a Democratic candidate for United States Senator in Alabama. "If I dared", wrote the President, "I would say that I needed you in the next House." The reason for the longing need happens to be that Congressman Underwood is the President's preference as a candidate for United States Senator in Alabama and more than a few persons strongly suspected that Clayton might nose him out at the polls. Hence the President's great "need" of Mr. Clayton's services in the next House. Hence, also, notice to Mr. Underwood to bottle up any further aspirations he might have for becoming the Democratic nominee for President in 1916.

Ralph Taylor Buried.

Funeral service over the remains of the late Ralph C. Taylor were held in the home of the deceased lad's widowed mother, Mrs. Jean Taylor, at Juniata last Friday evening, and was marked by the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, many school associates o the deceased paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Beautiful flowers were very much in evidence and even in the very presence of death there was a sweetness in words of kindly counsel and consolation by the Rev. Charles W. Wasson, who conducted the service. The body of the deceased school boy was laid to rest in the Warriorsmark burial grounds.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the ues of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and oucous surfaces of the system. Send [r testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.32
Butter, per pound	.32

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.80
Wheat, red	.85
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catharine Gray.

At the Presbyterian church preparatory services are being held, in anticipation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This Communion will be observed on Sabath morning, Oct. 19th. All members and adherents of the church are expected to be at the services of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, and to be among those who keep the Sacrament on the Lord's Day.

"Formerly the home was our world;
Today the world is our home."
"Who'll rock the cradle?" did you say,
"When the woman votes?" The fact is,
Why can't she get the one she did
The day she paid the taxes?
—Canadian White Ribbon Tidings.

The anti-suffragists now announce that they want to be called "conservationists" —of womanhood, motherhood, the home, etc. Doubtless they honestly imagine that their success would conserve all these. But it ought to shake their complacent belief a little when they see ranged upon their side all the great forces that thrive upon the destruction of womanhood, motherhood and the home: the white slave traffic, which in the United States kills twelve women every hour; the liquor traffic, another great destroyer; the opponents of all sorts of humane and protective legislation for women and children; and the greedy industrialism, which grinds up and destroys more lives than all the others put together.

Helen Ring Robinson, Colorado's only woman senator, has recently made the statement that "men seem to be afraid that women are going to take the American home out in the back yard and shoot it full of holes." The old-fashioned American home has done duty so long that it is completely frazzled out and there will have to be a new and improved article to take its place. In the old days, if a husband or children brought discredit on the family life, the wife and mother was held responsible and severe criticised. Times have changed because woman has taken a new attitude toward herself. She is working out from under the load of injustice which she has accepted as her portion, because she was taught it by her father, her grandfather and still more remote ancestors. The public has turned right about face now and is showing some eagerness to accord justice to women. Now, it will take two to make a home, as the time has gone by for woman to do it alone. The following story shows that law dispensers are coming to realize that fact. Recently while a woman was speaking in public in New York City on suffrage, she was annoyed by a disturbance which a man was creating. One of the things resorted to was to set some street gamins to giving cat-calls. Finally the speaker had him arrested. Then she discovered that the disturber of the peace was her own husband, "her natural protector," "representative at the polls, etc." She did not yield, however. When the case came into court, the man's excuse was that he went home the evening of the speech making and found no supper. When the judge learned that this man of the house was not in the habit of arriving at his home until 2:00 A. M., but had happened to arrive at supper time on that evening, he lost sympathy for the abused husband and reprimanded him, as even a judge could understand that a woman could hardly be expected to keep supper hot until 2:00 of the morning.

All cities and most sizeable towns now have some form of Traveler's Aid Society for the protection of girls and young women traveling alone. Mr. Orin C. Baker, General Secretary of this Society states that the men and women who make a business of the traffic in girls are working harder today than ever before—their methods are more subtle than ever—they are more daring. The public are fighting them, but they are using every scheme imaginable to circumvent the public.

In speaking of the book "My Little Sister," he states that some people were heard to say that the case recorded in it was one of the things that couldn't happen. The author of the book, who is Miss Elizabeth Robbins, told Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, of New York that the story was absolutely true, except that it was softened in many points. For instance, the mother of Bettina is not dead but is insane as a result of the tragedy. Miss Robbins laid the story before a noted police justice in London, who said it was "really a commonplace."

Mr. Baker also states that the tricks used now by the agents of vice include masquerading as deaconesses, Salvation Army workers, even Sisters of Charity. In England, printed notices are sent out by protective societies, warning girls not to speak to strangers in public places, to ask information of officials only; not to stop to help a woman who apparently faints at their feet, never to go to an address given them by a stranger, never to go with a stranger even if dressed as a hospital nurse, or to believe stories of their relations having suffered from an accident or being taken suddenly ill, as such are common devices to kidnap girls. Girls are cautioned never to accept sweets, food, a glass of water, or to smell flowers offered them by a stranger; neither should they buy scents or other articles at their doors, lest they contain drugs; never to take a situation through an advertisement or a strange registry office, either in England or abroad, without first making inquiries; never to go to London or any large town for even one night without knowing of some safe lodging.

Mr. Baker states that no such comprehensive warnings have been issued in this country, although it is admitted by those who know the facts that every one of the above possible dangers has been proved through tragic experience to hold a real menace.

Is it not time to sound warnings, now that statistics show that every year in America fifty thousand girls mysteriously disappear? No girl needs protection more than the country girl unless it be the immigrant girl, but no girl of any class is exempt from these human vultures Only last summer, we heard of a country girl traveling in an automobile bus between two Pennsylvania towns, who entered into a familiar conversation with a strange man and even accepted candy from him. Many a girl has fallen into a snare in this way.

Mr. Baker states that the uninitiated do not know that the unscrupulous do not sit passively back and wait for their victims to come to them. They hunt them—hunt them with cunning and deliberate devices

The following open letters appeared after the refusal of the Pa. Medical Society to report venereal diseases. However it was finally resolved to report such cases, "with qualifications," and to place them in state hospital wards. Surely Pennsylvania "do move" with the rest of the world:

ARE DOCTORS ENEMIES?

Let us bow our heads and mourn: For the first time in the history of the world, physicians as, a body—that noble army of the saviors of men—have put themselves upon record as the enmies of the race.

The great fortress of the social evil was stormed with the breaking up of segregation, and now when the very citadel may be gained by the reporting of every case of this hideous race infection, the only force that can come to the help of "Our Lord God"—life—"against the mighty" shrinks back in cowardly refusal to advance.

But that which these refuse to do out of brave hearts today, they will be obliged to do tomorrow at the demand of the world, for the race is aroused and this evil shall be overcome.

Philadelphia, Sept. 25. ALICE GROFF.

ANOTHER SUFFRAGIST ARGUMENT.

The members of the State Medical Society have just presented to the public another argument in favor of woman suffrage, when they declined to consider Doctor Martin's suggestion in favor of reporting vice diseases to the authorities.

The absurdity of reporting the mildest cases of measles, scarlatina, chickenpox and mumps to public officials, while preserving absolute silence and secrecy on the subject of these far more deadly and exceedingly contagious diseases, affecting both present and future generations —this is only another illustration of that masculine "sense of justice" which is now causing thoughtful women to wonder if men have any logic at all in their brains. CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

Montrose, Pa., Sept. 24.

If the "antis" really believe what they say, their opinion of the American man is not one to flatter him. If they really believe he is going to become a debased creature just because women are going to take part in governmental affairs, they certainly do not accord him any high degree of intelligence or any particular strength of character. If they are afraid of being deprived of such little attentions as consist in picking up a lady's handkerchief when she drops it intentionally or otherwise, rising when she enters a room, shoving her chair under her at the table, tipping his hat in public, offering a seat in the street car or other public places, she could afford to dispense with these a great deal better than some other things. If she is afraid of personal abuse, she can make laws to protect herself when she has the ballot, so that really she has nothing to fear whatever in the matter. In suffrage states, women have found that if anything it has improved men's attitude toward women. Such fears, only emphasize the fact that women of all classes are uncertain of their standing, and they always will be so long as they are economically dependent.

A recent writer states: "In the past the great obstacle to woman's complete and equal communion with man has been her economical dependence on him,—that while she has not been necessary to man, man has been necessary to her; hence her forced acceptation of his standard of her position and her duties. In one generation, by her portentious achievement of economic independence, woman in a night, like Wolf on the Plains of Abraham, has suddenly elevated herself to a position of aggressive equality. Those who see in the feminine movement no further than a question of political expediency perceive no more than a relatively unimportant manifestation. What has happened is that the purely masculine conception of society has been suddenly put to the challenge. Man's conception of religion, of marriage and the family, of property rights as against sentimental rights, of standards of conduct and political expediency, imperfect and groping as they have been, will in the future progress according to a new alliance between man and woman. And this world revolution has come day by day, month after month, in the spectacle of young women, bundle in arms, light of purse, rebel in heart, moving in silent thousands toward the great cities.

As for woman every slur upon her integrity of purpose and character, every smile of amused indulgence at the rightful use of her intelligence, every shaft of ridicule upon her attempts at logic, are but whip and spurs to urge her on a strong, reliant individuality.

SWAT THE FLY.

The fly question was again brought up in the last meeting of the club. A committee was appointed early last spring to see what could be done in our city, and fly traps were bought and said committee put them in the hands of our young boys to sell. They were all sold but in some instances the traps were of no consequence, as the fly did not go near them. It was then suggested that fly swats be bought and given to the children, for in using them the fly is killed and more will be done to ex-terminate them than in any other way. I think it the duty of every housewife to have at hand one of these little swats. They are inexpensive and can even be made at home, a piece of wire screen attached to a stick, or piece of yard-stick. They are much more sanitary than the so-called fly papers, which in most instances serve to draw the fly while only few are caught.

Another side of the question is this, that cleaner conditions must exist in the streets, in alleys and at stables, for there is where the fly breeds, not in clean sanitary places. If the reader attended the Chatauqua, the evening the moving pictures were shown, giving a very clear conception of the condition of things where the larva of the fly is developed, I am sure you could not or would not for a moment tolerate a fly in the house, to say nothing of having them walking around in the food we eat, for it is in decaped meats and manure piles of long standing that this same fly has developed. To show what can be done, the following article will perhaps suggest a way for our boys to help rid the city of these pests.

"In the spring of 1911 one of the Boy Scouts of Weir, Kansas, suggested that his organization might be of service in distributing some of Dr. Crumbines fly posters, says the Worlds Work. This poster has been found one of the most effective means of educating the public and the "House Fly Catechism" that goes with it is admirably calculated to arouse hostile emotions toward the fly. Dr. Crumbine was quick to see possibilities in the Boy Scouts. He suggested a plan for a general town clean-up in Weir, to be undertaken and managed entirely by them. The plan adopted by the Boy Scouts of Weir and followed elsewhere was simple and effective. The boys divided the city into districts and themselves into squads, each covering a district. Then, upon a given day, after wide publicity through the local papers, they set about cleaning the town. The City Authorities had given them permission to haul away the rubbish and garbage. They went at it systematically. There was the rake brigate with a corps of officers to see that things went smoothly. Their preliminary "Scouting" had shown them just where to go,—and they cleaned the town. In the evening a dinner was served to the Scouts by the town fathers and mothers and every indication pointed to a very thorough arousing of the public conscience on the fly question. The Boy Scouts were not content to let the matter rest there. On their own initiative they bought wire screening, persuaded a local druggist to give them some wooden yardsticks that he had been using for advertising purposes, and with these materials constructed "swatters" which they distributed without charge to every house in the city. Then they went to the Commercial Club and obtained funds for building a large number of fly traps, which were placed about the streets. Even then the Scouts were not satisfied. Dr. Crumbine in his tentative programme, had suggested that they might try to get Weir to adopt the State Health Board's model anti-fly ordinance, which requires the removal of all refuse at least once every ten days from April to November, and that every repository of filth in which the flies might breed be made fly proof. The Boy Scouts took this suggestion as seriously as any of the others. They wrote "compositions" telling why the ordinance should be adopted, then appeared before the City Council and read their arguments. The Council acted favorably without delay. The city of Weir now boasts itself the cleanest city in America, but Olathe and many other Kansas municipalities are not far behind it, thanks to the Boy Scouts, and the youngsters of Weir have planned even a more thoroughgoing campaign for the coming year."

We may say, oh! the spring is the time to begin that work, but not so, as the following statisics will show,—"As one fly will lay 120 eggs, the result if all of these should hatch and reproduce their kind in like ratio, would be appalling. Such figures are calculated to emphasize the necessity of not stopping, when 7,000,000 flies have been killed. As a matter of actual experience and observation it is estimated that from each pair of flies surviving the winter, some 8,000,000 living insects are propogated during the summer."

The Woman's Civic League of Baltimore also inaugurated a fifteen day campaign last summer in the course of which, 8,000,000 flies were killed.

So why cannot we, in our city, do some of these things that other people have done elsewhere, and see if this city cannot be made cleaner and more wholesome. I am sure the club will do their part if we can only secure the co-operation of the people, and those in authority. The Boy Scouts of our town can also do what others have done if they will only try.

Let us then remember that now is the time to help get rid of this pest, as well as next spring.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE,
Women's Club of Bellefonte.

Soothes itching skin. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles, eczema salt rheum. any itching. Doan's Ointment. Your druggist sells it.

Cynthia's Blue Gown

How It Caused Her Husband an Uncomfortable Evening

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ned Harkness hurried home that night and found supper waiting for him in the cheerful dining room of the small flat where they lived. Cynthia, his wife, was flying around with pink cheeks putting the last touches to the little dinner she had prepared with her own hands. The Harknesses were a very happy couple, despite the fact that Ned had not yet attained the highest pinnacle of clerkship in Marsh's office and Cynthia still did her own housework with the occasional help of a "woman by the day." Besides, they lived more quietly and saved more money than Ned's fellow clerks, who lived more showily and spent every penny of their incomes.

Tonight was a special night. The blue gown had come home on "approval." Ned and Cynthia had discussed the wisdom of putting so much money into one frivolous dress of blue satin and tissue, but at last they had decided that the blue gown for Cynthia would be a good investment. Ned's employer had invited them to dinner in his own home, and that presaged a promotion, and Cynthia's wardrobe was simple to actual plainness.

"You look like a peach!" admired Ned after dinner as he walked around his lovely wife garbed in the charming gown of delicate blue.

"You're a dear to say such nice things," murmured Cynthia delightedly. "I feel so wicked, Ned, taking all that money out of the bank to buy one foolish gown."

"It's all right, Cynthia. You know, Mr. Marsh expects his clerks to dress well, and I suppose he knows our

HE TURNED AND GLANCED AT THE COUPLE.

wives must keep up with us," laughed Ned carelessly. "By the way, Cynthia, Brown says he and Mrs. Brown bought a Paris model for the occasion. Amber chiffon, I think he called it."

"That will be charming for Mrs. Brown, she is so dark," smiled Cynthia, slipping out of the blue gown. "Then you think we may venture on this, dear?"

"Certainly! You better go in and pay for it tomorrow."

* * * * * * *

The next day Ned Harkness telephoned to his wife that he would not be home to dinner that night. A special customer of the firm had appeared in town, and Mr. Marsh had asked Ned to take the stranger out to dinner.

The quiet hotel where they dined was noted for its excellent cuisine, and, while the restaurant was not crowded, the tables were well filled with handsomely gowned women and their escorts.

Ned and his companion sat down in a palm screened corner and watched the changing crowd coming and going. Mr. Fanshaw had an eye for a pretty woman, and more than once he called Ned's attention to some beautiful woman.

While they were eating their soup Fanshaw suddenly laid his hand on Ned's arm.

"Look there, Harkness; that's my ideal woman." He nodded toward a table in the center of the room.

Ned turned around just in time to see a woman in a blue gown sink gracefully into a chair opposite his office companion, James Brown. Brown was a handsome, black eyed young man, and he was paying devoted attention to his companion.

Of course Ned Harkness couldn't tell Fanshaw that the "ideal woman" was his wife. He scarcely believed it himself, though the swift glimpse he had of her profile as she sat down with her back toward him convinced him that it was Cynthia. And she was wearing the blue gown they had chosen last night, and on her head was a large feathered hat that tipped back until the edge of the brim almost touched her bare shoulders.

What was Cynthia doing here with James Brown?

Over and over again that question drummed itself through Ned's jealous mind.

More than once he turned and glanced at the couple sitting so absorbed at the prominent table under the clustered lights. Once Brown caught his eye and nodded good naturedly. But Ned only glared coldly in return.

He made up his mind that when the meal was concluded he would walk up to Brown's table and—of course he would accomplish it quietly—tell Cynthia that he would escort her home.

He wondered if the blue gown was not at the bottom of it all. He had heard that women's heads were turned by beautiful clothes, and, although he had never thought much about such matters in connection with Cynthia, why, of course, it might happen to Cynthia, and, although his faith and trust in her were unbounded, still he blamed himself for putting temptation in her way in the shape of the blue gown.

As for her being with Brown, why, that was all right if she wanted to, he told himself with a sickly smile. She knew the Browns well, and it was very likely an accident that she and Brown had met in time for dinner.

All this argument was perfectly ridiculous in the face of the fact that he knew Cynthia detested the Browns heartily and that she was not in the habit of dressing herself in an elaborate gown and happening to meet masculine friends in fashionable restaurants. Moreover, at this hour Cynthia Harkness was more likely to be at home preparing a modest dinner or playing Chopin in the parlor of their little flat.

Still, there she was, and who could explain it?

"Well, Harkness, I don't know whether you're married or not, but if you're not you certainly must be dead in love," laughed Mr. Fanshaw at last.

"Why?" asked Ned, startled.

"Nothing, only you've called me 'Cynthia' three times."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Ned; "I was thinking of my wife."

"You're excused," smiled his guest, but Ned was careful after that to keep his wandering thoughts in check.

When they had concluded the meal they arose from the table just in time to see James Brown and his fair companion leave the restaurant. By the time they had reached the lobby of the hotel the pair had entered a taxicab and were driven away.

"There goes my ideal," murmured Fanshaw lightly as they paused at the cigar stand.

Ned was silent. In one brief hour the whole course of his life had changed. He would go home and face Cynthia and then tell her that if she was weary of him he would go away and efface himself from her sight forever. He had an uncle who was a missionary in central China, and there was a wide field for laborers there.

Merged as he was in these gloomy meditations, it is not strange that Mr. Fanshaw excused himself on plea of an engagement and went off to spend the evening in a music hall.

Ned plunged into the nearest subway station and went home.

It might be hours before Cynthia came home, and then again she might arrive within an hour, especially if she feared Ned's disapproval of her action in dining with Brown.

He climbed the stairs to the third floor of their modest apartment house and turned the key in the hall door. A dim light burned there, as usual, the faint red glow that always welcomed him home.

There was a busy humming sound from the dining room, a dear familiar sound that he could not associate with the wearer of the blue gown and the big black hat.

The sound belonged distinctly to Cynthia, his dear, busy little wife!

It was nothing less than Cynthia's sewing machine whirring away.

He pushed open the door and looked in, pale and haggard with his evening's dread.

The sewing machine was pushed under the central light, and at it sat Cynthia in her little blue house gown stitching merrily away at breadths of misty blue satin. A deep rose color stained her cheeks, and her dark brown hair curled distractingly around her pretty ears.

"Why, Ned!" she cried delightedly. "Now, don't be cross, dear, but I've a confession to make."

"I can guess what it is," said Ned grimly.

"Then you've been spying, and it's not fair!" she pouted. "I thought it was a great surprise."

"The biggest surprise I ever had," retorted Ned.

"Let me explain. You see, I got to thinking about the price of that blessed blue gown, and I knew I could duplicate it for one quarter of the price. Miss Cassidy will come tomorrow and help me. And so, when Mrs. Brown came this morning and fell in love with it and wanted to buy it, why, I just let her do it. But I told her I was going to duplicate it, but she doesn't care, for she isn't going to wear it at the same places I shall wear mine. She said they were going to dine at the Humboldt. By the way, dearie, did you have a good time?" Cynthia got up and tucked her hand in his arm.

"Fine time," he said hoarsely. "Cynthia, dear, I don't mind about you changing the gown. You are such a darling! How am I ever going to make up to you for what you are to me?"

Cynthia smiled demurely.

"Well, the next time you dine at the Humboldt and see the Browns don't be jealous of me, Ned. Maybe Mr. Brown just went there out of mischief to bewilder you with that blue gown I told her you were going there last night."

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Mrs. Carrie Fore, of Blanchard, was one of the many relatives and friends to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Alice Heverly, which was held on Sunday afternoon, last, at 2 o'clock.

Quite a few persons are planning to take in the excursion to Washington, D. C., leaving Howard at 9 p. m., on October 18th.

The sale of twenty-one broncbos last Monday brought many persons to our town and much amazement was interspersed with the bidding, especially when purchasers came to the point of taking their goods home. The highest price paid was $78.

Mrs. Almeda Kundtz has returned to her home in Columbus, Ohio, after assisting her father arrange the interior of his residence, where extensive repairs are being made.

Our esteemed townsman, C. M. Muffly, has returned from an extended tour through the northwestern states. On the return trip he visited in Illinois.

A teachers' meeting will be held Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in the High School room. The subject for discussion will be: "Best Methods of Teaching Reading and Arithmetic."

Cameron Holter, who is employed in Altoona, spent Sunday here with relatives.

Charles Heverly, one of Howard's industrious young men, has a record that few can surpass for his noble traits. The honey bee seemed to look upon his efforts and three swarms of this season have come to his financial assistance and have rewarded him by gathering four hundred pounds of pure white honey. Who can beat his record?

John Schenck, one of Howard's retired farmers, has been sampling the well-prepared food with his tenant on his farm, Harry Pletcher.

Irvin M. Lucas, one of Howard township's successful fruit growers, suffered a loss by wind and rain, which fell last Saturday evening and blew down many of his choice apples.

William Rossman is not only a good citizen but an expert shoemaker. He can not only repair a shoe, but he can make one from top to bottom. Just now he is overstocked with work. All of which is because he is a master at his trade.

T. A. Pletcher, the saddler, has taken on a side issue. He has started an apiary, and from one swarm he took 56 pounds of delicious honey.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Yearick and Mr. and Mrs. George Ertley conceived the idea that mountain air would be invigorating, so they recently dined with that liberal host and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. David Wensel, near the foot-hills of the Alleghenies. Since their trip we hear repeatedly: "Oh, my, what a dinner we had."

Mrs. T. A. Pletcher, who is recuperating from a surgical operation, spent a week with her father, William Shank, in Liberty township.

Vernor Johnson, of Avis, visited his relatives during last week, and all gave him a hearty welcome at their respective homes.

Mrs. John Boon and daughter Annie, attended the Sunday school convention at Williamsport last week.

Harry Butler and his noble wife Stella, are the tenants of the Loss farm, situated three miles east of Howard, better known as the Michael Shank farm, from whence nine stalwart Republicans were raised and went forth to become good, industrious citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Butler are of the stamina that tries to increase the bank account and at the same time keep the larder well filled. Visitors to their home will testify to the truth of this statement.

Mrs. J. R. Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, soared to our town last Monday and lit at the residence of John H. Wagner, where she was delightfully entertained.

Reuben Lucas, a civil war veteran and one of Howard's best citizens, was called to Bellefonte on Monday on a business mission.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Holter, of Jenkins, Kentucky, are visiting their many friends here for several weeks. Mr. Holter holds a lucrative position as bookkeeper for a large coal mining company, having been transferred some time ago from Somerset County. He has the ability and the inclination to hustle, and this combination explains his success.

Mrs. Carl T. Noll and son Thomas, of Pitcairn, have been visiting the last week with her father, A. A. Pletcher.

Unionville.

Charles Fetterman and Laird Morrison, trainmen at Renovo, who came home about ten days ago with typhoid fever, are getting along as well as could be expected.

D. E. Fisher is storing away between 300 and 400 bushels of hand-picked apples per day. They will have about 10,000 bushels.

The reservoir on the mountain will soon be completed. Then we will have an abundance of the finest kind of water.

Miss Helen Moran, a nurse at the Bellefonte hospital, came home sick on Monday.

John Loughry, of Philadelphia, visited with friends here last week.

The Free Methodist parsonage will soon be completed. It is being erected by William Solt.

Quite a number of hunters from this section were out yesterday for the opening day of the season for pheasants and squirrels.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain at the Bellefonte postoffice for the last week: H. F. Adams, Hayward O. Bair, Frank P. Eyer, Mrs. A. E. Garbrick, Miss Emma Green, Miss Ruth M. Herman, Miss Eliza Johnson, Herman Kahn, John C. Kuhn, Ray R. Reed, Fred Ross, Jim Sanderson, Mrs Nora Taylor. Persons calling for the above letters will say advertised.

GET THIS STRAIGHT MR. MAN:

If You Want the Most For Your Money You Must Buy Your Fall Clothing at Claster's

This is not mere talk. It is a statement of fact which investigation will prove to your entire satisfaction. Doesn't it stand to reason that you must get more for your money when you buy directly from the makers and pay but one profit over the cost of production which is what you do when you buy clothing at Claster's than you can possibly get at any other store, where you must pay two profits—the manufacturer's and the retailer's?

Now look into this matter carefully before you spend another dollar for clothing. Make comparisons, and you will find that you can actually save an astonishingly large amount in buying at Claster's, and at the same time get absolutely the best in style and quality that any store can give you.

Suits at $6.00 to $17.00

Fall Overcoats $7.00 to $17.00

Trousers at $1.50 to $5.00

Raincoats at $5.00 to $15.00

Claster's Bellefonte, Pa.

Nerve of a Doctor.

"I believe," said Dr. John M. Kitchen, "I was the first physician in northern Indiana to make use of chloroform. I was a young fellow not much past twenty-one years old, the ink hardly dry on my sheepskin, when a man came into my office to have an aching tooth pulled out.

"I had a small bottle of chloroform, and with the hardihood of youth I made up my mind to use it. He readily went under the influence of the new anaesthetic. I pulled manfully and the grinder came out. I waited, but the patient did not return to consciousness. I was badly frightened, and, hastily seizing a bucket with about two gallons of water in it, I poured it over him. Gasping he came out from the influence of the chloroform. Then he wanted to know what I meant by giving him such a soaking.

"Mustering all my professional sang froid, I calmly replied, 'That, sir, is a part of the treatment,' and he went away, greatly to my relief, entirely satisfied."—Indianapolis News.

Music of the Wheat.

Wheat has a music of its own; it is different from what you hear in a barley field or oat patch. The ears are heavier and the rustling is more sonorous and more deeply musical than the swishing of the pendulous oats or bearded barley. There are often breezy days just as the wheat is ripening when you can linger and listen to the rustling music; now and then it sounds like the susurrus of the sea, and you are reminded of waves by seeing the cloud shadows flying over the wheat with a motion not altogether unlike the rising and falling of the sea. Just as painters have drawn frequent inspiration from the wheat fields, no doubt musicians have been inspired by their sweet, subtle sounds. As the breeze passes over the field, how the wheat rustles, how it sways and bends, almost sometimes bowing to the ground, but recovering itself easily in due course.—London Globe.

Keeping In the Heat.

You speak incorrectly when you say that your fur coat is warm. There is no heat in the fur coat at all, but it keeps you warm because it prevents the heat of your body from passing off into the cold air. The Bible says that God "giveth snow like wool," because snow is a poor conductor of heat, just like wool, and protects the seeds of fruits and vegetables in the soil in winter just as wool protects your bodily heat. A saucepan which has been used will bring the water to a boil more quickly than a new one because the bottom being covered with soot it absorbs heat more quickly than a highly polished new surface. The cook polishes the lids of kettles because, when bright, they do not draw the heat and in this way keep the contents warm longer than if dull.—New York World.

Generous Boss.

A certain darky who works a small farm for "halves" occasionally furnishes much amusement to persons who happen to chance in his vicinity by his originality and "gift of gab." The other day an individual engaged him in conversation with the intention of hoarding up a good laugh for reference at his club. "How do you make out, Joe?" was asked as a way of starting. "Fine, boss," replied that person, "fine." "But you don't keep all you raise, do you?" "No, sah," replied the darky, and he continued: "You see, boss, it's dis a-way. I's gets half of all I raises, and that's all I wants. De boss is a gentleman. I guess I could get a third if I'd ask, and I knows he'd give me a quarter if I wuz hard up."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

True Philosophy.

A lady was standing on her back porch one bright spring morning. She did not appear happy or contented, and she confided her restlessness to her negro housekeeper. "Oh, I wish I could go away! I do so need a change!"

"Now, chile," said the old negro, "wot you want git 'way fum? Dis yere beau'ful house? Now, wot you want git 'way fum? Dese yere lubly chilluns? Now, wot you want git 'way fum? You gotta lug yo'se'f 'long whereber you go!"—Youth's Companion.

Preserved Hearts.

In Belgium and other countries it has been from time immemorial a custom to preserve the heart of a man renowned for his sanctity, and on the anniversary of the death of its possessor this relic receives a large share of veneration from hundreds of people.

Consolation.

"Whenever I think of the trouble I have keeping one maid I'm glad I'm not rich."

"Why?"

"Just suppose that I had to try to keep three or four of them!"—Detroit Free Press.

She Wasn't Tactful.

Wife—Henry, you need a rest. Let us go to Bongtong Springs. Hub—That place! Why, it's only fit for women and fools! Wife—I know it. Let's go there together.—Boston Transcript.

Sharp.

First Hopeful Nephew (proudly)—Aunt says I call her up on the phone oftener than you do. Second Hopeful Nephew—Did she accuse you of anything else?—New York Times.

Not Mercenary.

"I have a friend who just married for money."

"Why, how disgraceful!"

"No, not exactly. You see, he's a minister."—Cornell Widow.

Port Matilda.

Rev. G. A. Williams and wife, of Altoona, spent several days last week with friends in this place.

C. R. Richards has resigned his position as second trick operator here and has accepted the position of brakeman on the Tyrone division. He expects to move his family to Tyrone in the near future.

Those who took advantage of the excursion to Washington Sunday were Misses Mayme Laird and Leora Harshberger and Mr. A. W. Reese.

William Shultz now has the agency for the Lock Haven Laundry. It will be sent each week from the station.

A birthday party was tendered Mrs. Lucinda Weston Sunday by her children in honor of her eightieth birthday. It took the form of a family reunion, every one of the children of the aged lady being present.

Mrs. Weston has been quite ill, grave hopes being entertained at times for her recovery.

Daley Lytle is at Julian as ticket agent during the illness of the regular agent, George Bullock.

William Wills' are moving to Tyrone this week.

Ed. Eller, brother of merchant Gilbert Eller, has moved with his family to the Weaver house. Mr. Eller bought the barber shop, formerly conducted by Philip Young.

Mrs. Neil Ben, of Tyrone, is spending some time at the home of her father, Mr. H. C. Woodring.

Mrs. Adam Kyle, of Altoona, visited her sister, Mrs. Mollie Shope Sunday.

A. J. Johnson spent a couple days at home last week.

Mrs. Aaron Woodring and Mrs. Jesse Woodring went to Lock Haven Saturday and returned Sunday.

Mrs. H. H. Osman and daughter Lillian, shopped in Tyrone Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Givler, of Tyrone, spent a day last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Cowher.

Last Saturday afternoon and evening a farewell party was given to Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Jones by the Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church and a few close friends. It was a great surprise to them, having been planned in secret. The guests assembled about 3 P. M. spent the remainder of the afternoon very pleasantly, and at 5 o'clock a sumptuous supper, consisting of every delicacy of the season, was served. About 7:30 they dispersed to their various homes, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who will shortly move to Altoona, a happy and successful life in their new home.

Mrs. J. M. Williams shopped in Tyrone Tuesday.

Rev. Joseph Weaver, recently appointed to Belsena by the U. B. Conference, with his family spent a few days in town last week.

A chicken and waffle supper will be held in Reese Hall by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church. Every one is cordially invited.

CHURCH SERVICES

Presbyterian—Preparatory Services Friday evening, Oct. 17. Sabbath School, 10 A. M. Sunday Communion Service, 11 A. M. Methodist Episcopal—Sabbath School 9:30 A. M. Sunday. Junior Epworth League, 2:30 P. M. Senior Epworth League, 6:45 P. M. Preaching Services 7:45 P. M. Prayer Service, Thursday evening, 7:30 P. M.

J. H. Harpster and family, from Philipsburg, are spending a week here with Mr. Harpster's parents. He brought his gun along to try his aim at the pheasants and squirrels.

Mt. Eagle.

Some of the farmers have been quite busy kusking corn.

The railroad people have completed the subway on the State road.

Mrs. Albert Aikey and daughter have been spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz.

Mrs. Archie Bathurst and daughter visited last Thursday with her mother, Mrs. James Hays, at Howard.

Al. Strickland, who had been in the Bellefonte hospital, returned home on Saturday evening. His injured hand is healing nicely, but still is very sore.

Miss Mabel Bathurst went to Runville on Saturday and visited there over Sunday with friends.

Mrs. Thomas Lucas and daughter, Grace, of Nittany, on Sunday afternoon walked across the mountain to Mt. Eagle to visit with some of the sick.

Two of Rudy Watkins' sons, who left here some thirty years ago, are visiting at the home of Irvin Robinson, a cousin.

Rev. J. C. Dunning on Sunday afternoon preached an able sermon in the Kennedy M. E. church.

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Beatty were shopping visitors in Bellefonte between trains on Saturday.

Mrs. Jacob Sence and Miss Emma Leathers, now living in Williamsport, are here for a part of the winter to take care of Mrs. S. B. Leathers, who is not very strong due to advanced age. She is now in her eighties.

Mrs. John Thomas and daughter, Ada, spent last Thursday in Howard with Mr Thomas' sister and brother, Hunter Thomas.

BARGAINS IN Hair Brushes

We have just received a lot of hair brushes that are exceptional in quality, price considered. Even if not needed at present it would pay you to lay in an extra supply--

Brushes Will be Higher

Come in and look us over.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Single Women In Business.

Why do single women conduct business more successfully than married women?

And, again, why do married women do better in business than widows?

I cannot definitely prove to you that single women do excel married ones in business or that those who have a husband are better business managers than widows. But I have the solemn word—and was ever the word of an English official report anything but solemnity to the 'nth degree?—that such is the fact.

Of 390 women traders who failed in business in London during the last year 155 were widows, 151 married and 81 single. But the average amount of liabilities of the three classes varied greatly. With fewer than twice as many failures the widows had more than three times the debts of the single women. The married women's obligations were two and a half times the ones of those who never knew a husband.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Trials of Compositors.

They tell of a Scottish compositor who fled from Edinburgh to London in order to escape the brain exhausting ordeal of deciphering Carlyle's hieroglyphics and putting them into type. He had been at work in London for some time, when one day a "take" of Carlyle's copy was given him to set up. The sight of it appalled him. "Is that man here, too!" he exclaimed. Whereupon he laid down his composing stick, put on his coat and hat and vanished.

Balzac's copy was also a nightmare to compositors. According to the London Standard, the failure of the establishment that printed his works was the direct result of the enormous labor spent in making corrections in the proofs of his manuscript. What it meant to put his copy into type is shown by the fact that "Cesar Birotteau" had to be reset fifteen times in twenty days.

Herbert Spencer and the Sea.

To illustrate the advantages the modern child enjoys in seeing so much more of the world than children of earlier generations did, Herbert Spencer mentions that he had never seen the sea until after he was twenty-one. This is the more remarkable, because his father always spent his summer vacation at the seaside, rambling along the coast from one place to another. But the son never went with the father until he was a man. One result is that we have a first impression of the sea by a self studying adult. It produced in him "a mixture of joy and awe—the awe resulting from the manifestation of size and power and the joy from the sense of freedom given by limitless expanse."

Chinese Blacksmiths.

The Chinese blacksmith thinks a great deal of his anatomy when shoeing horses, which are not numerous in China. He is so skittish in doing a job of shoeing and so dubious about handling the hoofs of the animal that, when shoeing is required, the horse is strung up with ropes in such a manner as to prevent kicking. No exceptions are made, even though the horse be a scrawny cart plug of advanced age.

Drawn Work.

To draw threads for hemstitching or drawnwork wet a small brush, rub it over a cake of soap until a lather is produced, then scrub the threads that you wish to draw. You have no idea how easily they may be pulled out without breaking.

Potato Test.

Test potatoes by cutting in two and rubbing the cut surface together; then press the two parts together. If they stick the potatoes are good.

Didn't Like Dogs.

Hobson—Are you in favor of that curfew law? Dobson—Yes. I'm in favor of any law that reduces the number of dogs.—Judge.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—Third cook. Apply Woman's Building, State College, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire,
MOWRY'S CAFE.
6-19-3t Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon.
E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Driving mare, blooded stock and pedigree; perfectly safe; not afraid of automobiles; may be driven by ladies. Inquire of or address R. C. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale; desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Bellefonte, Pa. 7-31-tf.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—8 room frame house, located in Sunnyside, near Bellefonte; water at rear of house; house well built and in good condition. Inquire ARISTA LUCAS, Fleming, Pa. 6-12-5t

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION:—Just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly.
Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co.
Lansing, Mich.

BOOK-KEEPING—Special auditing an book-keeping by experienced book-keeper. Is in position to take charge of and keep a limited number of sets of books. Inquire of or address "Book-keeper," care "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry H. Fredericks, late of Harris Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, Dec'd.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre County to make distribution of the balance shown to be in the hands of H. C. Rothrock, Accountant and Executor of &c. of said decedent, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on Saturday, Nov. 8, 1913, at 10 o'clock A. M., at his law offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Penn., when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.
10-16-3t. HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, October 29, 1913, by Lyman W. Medes, John B. Meek and Peltiah P. Gotham, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called State College Billiard & Bowling Company, the character and object of which is the letting, hiring, renting and use of billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys for the playing of innocent games and the sale of pipes, tobaccoes, cigars and confectioneries, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.
10-2-3t. H. T. HALL, Solicitor.

His Start

He Got It by Luck and Assurance

By F. A. MITCHEL

At a meeting of the Booneton Medical society, there not being a quorum, half a dozen doctors sat around chatting. The conversation fell upon the new science of medicine, which practically had its beginning in the investigations of M. Pasteur, and is making great headway in those experiments carried on by scientists who devote themselves to original research. Commenting on the great change scientific research has wrought in the medical profession, Dr. Elderkin, a retired physician, told the following story:

When I started to practice, though it was in the latter half of the nineteenth century, our profession had lagged far behind the progressive spirit of the times. Though we are still woefully ignorant, we know far more than we did then, and when we remember that we had at that time but recently advanced beyond the universal remedy of bloodletting, originally practiced by the barber who shaved our ancestors, we get some idea of the low condition of the science of medicine half a century ago.

Being naturally of a scientific mind, I realized this. Upon finishing my course at the medical college I was surprised that there was so little really known. Indeed, beyond the fact that vaccination will prevent smallpox, I don't remember a single certainty in medicine that I had learned in my college course. What a difference from the present, when we have antitoxins that work with absolute certainty; the X ray, by which to look into the human body, and have proved that diseases are transmitted by the fly and the mosquito!

I settled in this very town and hung out my shingle. Experience was then the doctor's best card. A bald head, a pair of mutton chop gray whiskers, a presence that bespoke wisdom—these were sure to bring success to any practitioner. This impressive person of half a century ago did not know one-tenth as much as the poorest student in a class graduating in a medical school today. But since there was nothing but experience on which to base confidence, the old practitioner had it all his own way, and the young man had no show at all.

I looked like a boy and was treated as a boy, for never did a patient darken my doors. I was socially well received by the young people of town and formed the acquaintance of a number of young girls, who thought me "a nice little fellow" and snickered when they called me doctor, their idea of a physician being the elderly party I have mentioned. One of these young ladies I admired very much and thought that if I could marry her possibly I might inspire some confidence and make a beginning. But she was the daughter of the principal man in the place, John Parkinson, and there was an awful gap between her and a towheaded, blue eyed doctor who didn't look old enough to treat a cat. As to being called in to treat Mr. Parkinson or any member of her family, there was no more chance of that than being struck by lightning.

His family physician, Dr. Swinbourne, in his younger days had bled his patients for every disease, and so wedded was he to the treatment that he still carried a lancet in his medical case. The Parkinsons revered him as a man of great experience and he was supposed to have a wonderful advantage in knowing the constitution of every member of the family, including the last child born, who was but eight months old and sound as a nut. The chance of my supplanting this august person as physician in the household was as remote as being called upon to treat the president of the United States.

But no matter how firm one is settled on any soft spot let him beware of being undermined. His very greatness is liable to give his competitor a chance. Mr. Parkinson was fond of horses and owned some valuable stock. One of his animals was sired by a racer and had cost $3,000. One day this horse was taken sick. Would his owner insult the great Swinbourne by asking him to treat a horse? Never! A veterinary surgeon was called in. It is quite likely that he knew as much about what ailed the horse and how to cure him as the M. D.—he certainly knew as much as I did—but, despite his valuable efforts, the animal grew worse and the veterinary finally gave him up as a candidate for button and glue material.

Mr. Parkinson was one of those persistent men who never say die, and it occurred to him that I might not feel very much insulted at being called in to treat a horse. But he could afford to insult me, though he could not afford to insult his physician. For if any of the family were taken ill and the doctor refused to treat the patient there was likely to be crape on the door. At any rate, I was called in to have a look at the horse.

Mr. Parkinson had sent the veterinary away and there was no one present at my visit to the patient but myself and his owner. The horse was lying on the stable floor to all appearances dead. My first impulse was—from force of habit—to feel his pulse, but I remembered that I might get nearer his heart than his fetlock, so I put my hand behind his fore leg. There was still a faint beat and I knew he was not yet quite dead.

My ignorance of what was the matter with him and what to do for him was such that I stood doubtless looking as ignorant as I felt. Mr. Parkinson had his eyes on me and turned away with a look of disgust. It was this that nerved me at the turning point of my life.

"Mr. Parkinson," I said, "your horse is dying of digitalis."

I was obliged to choose a word so suddenly that I hit upon the name of a drug and feared my man would know that it was a drug and not a disease.

"Well?" he said somewhat more confidentially.

I was tempted to make an excuse to go to the druggist, to get a dose for the brute, but seeing the effect of my first bluff I resolved on another.

"I don't like to leave him," I said. "Would you mind getting me a messenger? I wish to send for a remedy."

"Not a bit. I'll call Tom. I don't know why he is not here. This is his place, especially at such a time."

He went to the house, a few hundred yards distant. He was absent some time. Not being able to find his man and while he was gone I upset a peck measure used for carrying oats, but now filled with salt. Some of the contents fell on the horse's tongue, which was protruding from his mouth. I noticed that the member quivered. I picked up a little more salt from the floor and dropped it on the tongue. Slowly it was withdrawn into the horse's mouth. Taking up a handful I opened the jaws and thrust it in.

I stood there, or rather knelt, feeding the horse salt till Mr. Parkinson returned. The other had disappeared, doubtless thinking he would be blamed in the matter of the loss of the horse and the master was abusing him to me when he caught sight of the patient licking his chops with his eyes open.

"Why, he seems to be better."

"Certainly."

"Do you think you can pull him through?"

"I think I can."

"What's that you're giving him?"

"A saline remedy I've found beneficial in such cases."

He didn't ask where I got it, or I would have told him I had it in my medicine case.

Well, it happened that my knocking over the salt had given my patient just what he needed. I don't know even now what his trouble was, but I do know that animals must have salt. At any rate a few handfuls of it effected a change in his condition, and he improved rapidly. I followed up the treatment by giving him water to drink, and it was not long before he stood up on his feet.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Parkinson. "That was the most marvelous cure I ever met with. I must tell Swinbourne about that. What did you call the disease?"

"Mr. Parkinson," I said, assuming an injured tone, "I have cured your horse, but I object to furnishing medical information to one of these old school doctors. I beg you not to mention the matter to Dr. Swinbourne."

"Why, it might lead him to take an interest in you."

"Not at all. You, as a layman, are not aware of the jealousies existing in our profession. Should you tell Dr. Swinbourne of this cure he would doubtless assert that your horse would have recovered just as well without my treatment as with it."

I shot a glance at him to see how the thrust struck him, expecting that he would deny that Swinbourne was any such man. I was agreeably disappointed.

"You're right, my boy," he said. "Never give away anything you've got unless you've something to gain by it."

Gentlemen, if you ask me what gave me a start in a practice which became for half a century all I could have desired I reply blind luck, followed up with a dose of concentrated gall. Besides, the lesson I learned was of great benefit. I made it a rule the less I knew about a case the more to pretend. And why not? Does a doctor gain anything by losing the confidence of a patient? By no means. On the contrary, the patient loses heart, and that is the worst thing that can happen.

But to finish my story. Mr. Parkinson let it be known that he would have lost his valuable horse had it not been for my skill, and I was installed as physician to the family, to be called upon for slight indispositions, Dr. Swinbourne being summoned to treat troubles of importance. This led to some outside practice, and in time I assumed sufficient boldness to pay attention to Miss Parkinson. By this time I had become known not as the man who had cured a horse, but one who had cured human beings. I finally married Miss Parkinson, but this was not till Swinbourne had retired and I was installed not only in his place, but succeeded to the bulk of his practice. In fact he retired because he found that I was forging ahead of him.

In claiming precedence in what we know now to what we knew then I am sorry to say that in the majority of cases it is still guesswork with us. We try a remedy and if the patient does not respond we try another and another, till either we have tried them all or the patient succumbs or recovers. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that both in America and Europe men are engaged in devoting their entire time to investigation, and every year we know more than we knew the year before.

My wife never knew how accidental was the success that gave me my start till we had been married many years.

Curiosity of an Empress.

Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone in her reminiscences, "In the Courts of Memory," relates an amusing experience which took place at one of her visits to the court of Napoleon III.

Her hair was so abundant and so curly that no one would believe her coiffure was natural. The Empress Eugenie asked: "Where can one buy such lovely curls as you have? Are they real or false? You won't mind telling me. Some people have made bets about it. How can we know unless you tell us?" The American visitor replied: "My hair is all my own, your majesty, and, if you wish to make sure, I am perfectly willing that you should see for yourself." And, "Removing my helmet," says Mme. Lindencrone, "I took out the comb and let my hair down. Every one crowded around me and felt and pulled my hair about until I had to beg for mercy. The emperor, looking on, cried out: 'Bravo, madame!' and, gathering some flowers on the table, handed them to me, saying: 'Your success hangs by a hair, does it not?'"

Nothing to Be Said.

Prospective tenant talking with the janitor standing on the steps of a flat house on a cross street near an avenue on which there is a trolley line.

Prospective Tenant—Can you hear the cars plainly here?

Janitor—Oh, my, no; you can't hear the cars here at—

But at this moment there came rumbling, grinding down the avenue at forty miles an hour a big trolley car that passed this street with a roar that would have made a double jointed earthquake falling down a steep and rocky mountain canyon sound like somebody in the distance playing a piccolo.

The prospective tenant looked at the janitor for just one moment, sadly and reproachfully, and then she turned and went away.

And the janitor? Well, the janitor just let her go without another word, for he realized that this was a case in which there was nothing further to say.—New York Sun.

Feeble Minded Children.

Economic incompetence often goes by the name of laziness, thriftlessness, shiftlessness. In every village we find some of this "worthless sort," and they usually get scant sympathy and still scantier interpretation. Be careful of your own diagnosis of these cases, reader, or you may make the mistake of the ignorant parent who actually beats a feeble minded child, thinking the child will not obey, when, as pure matter of fact, the child cannot obey. There may be a kind of laziness which will respond to moral suasion, but there is another important kind which is due to incurable deficiency of will. Feeble mindedness is a blight which not only affects the intellect, but may also weaken the instincts which are at the basis, alike, of play, work and thrift.—American Magazine.

Oddities In Print.

An enterprising exchange has collected the following oddities in print:

A butcher's sign reads as follows, "John Jacobs kills pigs like his father."

A tailor had a bill in his window to the following effect, "Wanted—Several thin coat makers." This is a fine chance for spare tailors.

One advertisement was headed, "Two sisters want washing." So do a good many brothers. Another advertisement was, "Wanted—A boy to sandpaper."

The following extract from a medical advertisement is perhaps correct, "Consumptives, cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

Profanity Once Indispensable.

Swearing was at one time regarded as an indispensable accomplishment. Evelyn Ashley once told Sir Algernon West that on his father becoming Lord Shaftesbury, Lady Caroline Neeld, his sister, said to him in all seriousness: "Now that you have come into the title, you must learn to swear. Your father always did and gained great respect by it in the county."—London Spectator.

His Visit From Royalty.

"Lived in the Latin quarter in Paris, eh? You say you had a prince in your rooms one day?"

"Yes."

"And how did you happen to receive a visit from royalty?"

"He came in there to avoid his landlord."—Washington Herald.

"On Time" In Farm Work.

A good engineer brings his train into the station on time. It is the sign of a good farmer if he rounds up the day's work before dark. It is just as much to his credit if he does that, too, as if he were doing his work at the throttle of an engine.—Farm and Fireside.

Say, Teacher!

Any time you get it into your head that you know a few things just go up against some of the questions the average little schoolboy can ask you.—Florida Times-Union.

Always Out.

Miss Gush—And were you ever out after big game, colonel? Colonel Highflier—Yes, indeed. I have been "out" after every big game I was ever in.—Town Topics.

Dainty Skin.

Remember that rich foods are enemies of a delicate skin. The rose leaf skin of the baby comes from its simple diet.

Let no one do what he pleases but what he ought to do.—Gustavius Vasa

Wagner Worship.

"There is no such worship of national genius in America as prevails abroad," said a recently returned tourist. "In Germany, for instance, at the opera the scale of prices varies according to the composer, Wagner, of course, commanding the top notch admission. But the most peculiar feature of this musical adoration is that it affects the toilets as well. With the elaborate gowning of a New York audience in mind, I approached our landlady as to the propriety of appearing at the opera in such a makeshift costume as my tourist wardrobe afforded. 'It depends entirely upon the composer you intend to hear, fraulein,' was her astonishing reply. 'For some your present attire would be perfectly proper, but if it is the great Wagner you are to hear'— She broke off, but an expressive shrug of the shoulders told plainer than words that it would be an affront to his ashes to appear in anything but the most stunning and up to date evening gown."—New York Tribune.

When Thanks Were Given.

Many years ago a noted chief of the tribe of Chippewa Indians while hunting wounded a deer and followed it for miles. The chase was long and very severe and the Indian was in the last stages of exhaustion from fatigue and lack of food and water when he found himself on the top of a wonderful mountain, at the foot of which nestled a beautiful lake crystal clear. From the surface of the lake trout leaped, and upon the shore lay the deer he had hunted. Here were food, water, fish and fuel for cooking.

Raising his hand and facing the setting sun, the exhausted chief exclaimed, "Ish-pem-ing," which in the Chippewa tongue means "heaven" or "the place on high."

The story was remembered, and the name given by the Indian was adopted by the white settlers when the present city of Ishpeming, Mich., was formed.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Inexperienced.

In a boarding house for bachelors Amanda, a typical "mammy," looked after the guests' comfort in true southern style, so well that one of the men thought he would take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of housekeeper. Toward spring he waylaid her in the hall one day and said:

"Mandy, do you like the country?"

Mandy reckoned she did.

"Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?"

Mandy was sure she would.

"Suppose I get a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?"

Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes. "'Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don't know nothin' about takin' care of any animals."—Harper's Magazine.

Antiquity of Nagging.

No, if you are nagged you are not alone in your experience. Nor are the nagged persons of this age the only nagged persons of any age. Nagging is an old custom. They tell us that Adam, Job, Socrates, Aesop, Leonidas, Machiavelli and many more distinguished historical personages were victims of nagging. This proves the antiquity but not the wisdom or the respectability of nagging. And if it is as old as it is claimed to be let it crawl away somewhere to die. For come to think of it, nagging is just as hurtful to the nagger as it is to the nagged. So why injure ourselves for the purpose of injuring some one else? Samson did that, you know, when he pulled down the temple of Gaza and broke his own back. Rather a poor example to follow, eh?—Detroit Free Press.

Wrote In Bed.

Mark Twain wrote nearly all his later books in bed. So persistent a "singgard" was he that he had a specially contrived bed desk fitted up so that he could write without trouble or exertion while propped luxuriously among his pillows. He used to aver that most of his best thoughts came to him in bed and that the trouble and worry of getting up, shaving and dressing dispersed them all and left him in no mood for commencing his literary labors. He was of opinion that bed was the very best place for the author, and he acted upon his belief.

White Flame
Full, clear—never flickers
FAMILY FAVORITE
The Best Lamp Oil
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For the sake of the family's eyes.
FREE—320 page book—all about oil.
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IF YOU ARE ILL

from any disorder of the STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEYS, or if your bowels are inactive at times, or you should suffer from headaches, get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS of your druggist. If you are run down and don't feel as young and chipper as you used to, give SEVEN BARKS a fair trial; it will purify your blood, clear your system and brain, and make life worth living. It is absolutely harmless, is highly palatable, and will not disturb the most delicate stomach.

For sale at druggists at 50 cents per bottle. Don't fail to try it. Address LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

Cocoa as a Food.

We compare cocoa to a vegetable egg because, like the egg, it contains everything necessary for the building of the animal body. When we analyze cocoa we find it a perfect natural food. Analysis teaches us that it contains a fair proportion of nitrogenous matter in the shape of gluten, a very large proportion of fat, a considerable amount of starch, so much mineral matter and, finally, a stimulant of its own called theobromine. Cocoa is an excellent substitute for tea and coffee, especially to those who are overstimulated by these beverages. Pure cocoa is easily digested. But be sure that you get it pure. If you find that one brand of cocoa does not agree with you try another until you find the one which is best fitted for your constitution.—New York American.

Where She Drew the Line.

Mr. Birrell's anticipation that, owing to the bigness of heaven, it will not be inevitable that we shall knock up against our acquaintances there may have been suggested by one of Dean Ramsay's best Scottish stories. It should be mentioned that at Hawick, the scene of the anecdote, the people used to wear wooden clogs, which made a clanking noise on the pavement. As an old woman lay dying some friends said to her, "Weel, Jeeny, ye are gaun to heeven, an' gin you should see our folk ye can tell them that we're a' weel."

"Weel," said Jeeny, cautiously, "gin I should see them I's tell them, but you manna expect that I am to gang clank-clanking through heeven looking for your folk."—London Tatler.

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

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Since the old-fashioned theory of curing eczema through the blood has been given up by scientists, many different salves have been tried for skin diseases. But it has been found that these salves only clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the inner skin below the epidermis where the eczema germs are lodged.

This—the quality of penetrating—probably explains the tremendous success of the well known liquid eczema remedy, oil of wintergreen, thymol, glycerine, etc., as compounded in D.D.D. Prescription.

We have sold other remedies for skin troubles but none that we can recommend as highly as this for we know that D.D.D. stops the itch at once. We just want you to give D.D.D. a trial. That will be enough to prove it.

Of course all other druggists have D.D.D. Prescription—go to them if you can't come to us—but don't accept some big profit substitute.

But if you come to our store, we are so certain of what D.D.D. will do for you that we offer you a full size bottle on this guarantee:—If you do not find that it takes away the itch AT ONCE, it costs you not a cent.

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The Only Really Happy Couple

is the one with something laid up for a rainy day. The pair without a dollar ahead must always worry. At the Bellefonte Trust Company a husband and wife can start a joint account upon which either can draw. Why not start one now and lessen your worry with every new deposit.

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Doesn't it seem that the telephone always rings when you are on another floor?

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The Bell Telephone Co. of Pa.
W. S. Mallalieu, Local Mgr.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

CROSSING A BRIDGE

It Was an Important Feat In More Respects Than One

By F. A. MITCHEL

The wind howled; the rain came down in torrents. All the streams were swollen. Night came on, and the darkness added to the bleakness.

In a farmhouse near which ran a railroad track a woman sat over a baby that was moaning and tossing with fever. Now and again she would take the child up in her arms and caress it, but its sufferings were not diminished, and she would put it down with an exclamation of despair.

A boy of twelve stood by looking pityingly on his baby sister. He was a sturdy little fellow and old enough to realize that he might lose her.

"Oh, for some one to send for a doctor!" wailed the mother.

"Can't I go?" asked the boy.

"You go! Do you think I would let you go out in such a night as this, running the risk of losing you as well as your little sister? If you could go by the road I would send you, but you would have to cross the railroad bridge. The wind would blow you down into the gulf below."

"I've crossed the bridge. I know how to do it in a wind. I can crawl."

"You should not have done so even by day. The danger would be far greater at night, and on such a night as this it would be frightful. Besides, if a train should come along what would you do?"

"Hang on to a tie."

The mother shuddered. Beneath the ties a hundred feet below a river was boiling over rocks.

"There's no train to cross the bridge till 11:05," continued the boy.

"How do you know, Jakey?"

"I know all about the trains."

This was true. Jakey Summers was much interested in the railroad, the running of trains, and was known to the employees of the company at the station a few miles from his home. Many a free ride had been given him both on trains and locomotives.

"I wish I dare let you go," said the mother, "but I don't."

A spasm passed over the baby that frightened her and Jakey too. The boy went out into the kitchen, and when his mother was not conscious of his presence he was standing before her with a lighted lantern.

"Oh, Jakey," she exclaimed, "you're not going to cross that frightful bridge this terrible night!"

"I can do it all right, mamma. Don't you worry about me. Just you stay here and take care of Betty. I'll bring Dr. Parker back with me. He's got a car and can come by the road, if it is ten miles around, as quick as I can get to him across the bridge."

The mother put her arms about him and hugged him, but he disengaged himself and with a "Now, don't you worry about me, mamma," went out into the night. A gust of wind blew in as he opened the door, and his mother started up to prevent his going, but he pulled the door to, and from a window beside it she saw his light disappearing down toward the track. With a prayer for him she went back to her baby.

Jakey soon gained the track and began to walk on a path beside it toward the bridge. He had glanced at a clock before going out and saw that the time was half past 10. It would be thirty-five minutes before an express train would reach the bridge, but the bridge was half a mile away, and he must necessarily be a long while getting over it. For this distance he breasted the wind, though ordinarily it would have been easy walking on the path. He had no means of noting the time and must take his chances as to being on the bridge when the train passed over it. He trudged on as fast as he could and was conscious of making pretty good time.

A gust of wind howled through the branches of the trees and caused a loud wail among the telegraph wires above his head. When it died down, before another gust came, he heard the boiling waters of the river. He paused awe stricken. In order to brace his resolution he thought of his baby sister and his anxious mother and, moving on a short distance, stood at the end of the bridge.

It was 300 feet long, with an abutment on each bank and one in the middle of the river. Taking his lantern in his left hand that he might cling with his stronger right, he began to crawl over the ties. After a squall he stood erect and made a distance of some forty feet before another blast came, when he was obliged to get down and cling for dear life.

Now he was over the boiling waters, well calculated to strike terror into an older person. But his mind was intent on getting across before the coming of the train. When the wind blew its strongest he crouched between the rails, bracing himself against a sleeper, but as soon as its force was spent he would crawl on, sometimes partly rising, sometimes standing, all the while forging onward.

And now he noticed that one rail was lower than the other. He knew this could not be on account of a curve in the bridge—bridges are never so constructed. He feared that something was giving way. The farther he proceeded the greater the inequality of the height of the rails. As he approached the center abutment this inequality was sufficient to throw a train off the bridge into the river.

Jakey quailed. The bridge was breaking down, and he knew not but that farther on a part of it might have been swept away. He hesitated, thinking to return. In vain he thought of his little sister and that her life might hang upon his getting a doctor. He dare not go on. A gust fiercer than any preceding swept over the structure, and he could hear a terrible cracking beyond. He was appalled. He turned to go back, but stopped. From a distance, borne on the wind, came the rattle of a train.

Jakey knew that this was the express; that it was passing on open space some five miles away, where he had often seen it pass before. But it was seven miles by the winding of the railroad. Within a quarter of an hour it would be on the bridge. He was near the center. So far as he could judge, he would barely have time to get on terra firma by going either forward or back. The bridge would go down with the train and he would go down with both. He was reasonably sure that behind him the bridge was standing, for he had just come over it. Ahead of him he could not see through the darkness.

A whirl of influences passed through the child's brain—his sick sister, his troubled mother and now the horror of a train freighted with people going down into that terrible chasm. Perhaps it was this that decided him. He never knew what decided him. He only knew that he could not go back. All his nature revolted against doing so. He must go forward.

And he did. At the center abutment he found that it had partly given way and one rail was at the lowest point below the other. As he crawled forward it began to rise again. This gave him courage. He saw that the damage was caused by the giving way of the abutment in the river, and the one on the farther bank was likely standing. A whistle so clear that it indicated a near proximity of the train spurred him on. Despite the danger of being blown off the bridge, he stood up and walked on the ties. He was not now over the boiling water, and that was a relief.

Suddenly a bright light flashed ahead of him. A locomotive had rounded a curve and was heading on a straight track for the bridge. Jakey began to swing his lantern. He heard the sound attending the checking of a train, but the headlight of the locomotive flared nearer. Jakey was now some fifty feet from the end of the bridge and feared to be run down. He could only stand his ground and swing his lantern.

The train came to a stop after passing a few feet on to the bridge. The engineer waited for the light to advance and, leaning out from his cab, heard Jakey's report of the condition of the bridge. A shudder passed over the big man on the mammoth engine at hearing that he and his trainload of people had been saved from a frightful fall to death by the boy with the little upturned face beneath him.

A light was coming forward, and the conductor approached. Here and there in the cars a window was thrown up and a head thrust out. The conductor heard the story that the bridge was wrecked, and he, too, shuddered.

"I got to go," said Jakey.

"Go where?" asked the conductor mechanically.

"I got to go a piece up the road for a doctor. My little sister's sick."

"Get aboard the train. We're going to back up."

The engineer extended a hand to the boy and lifted him into the cab. As soon as he got him there he folded him in his arms and kissed him. Then he kissed him again and again until he heard the conductor say:

"Come; back up."

Jakey was put off at a station which was very near the doctor's house, but by this time the news of the narrow escape had spread among the passengers, and they crowded around the boy on the platform, impeding his progress. When they heard that a sick baby's life depended upon his further efforts they suffered him to proceed. When some twenty minutes later he passed the station with the doctor in the latter's car he was met by the conductor, who poured a hatful of money into his lap. Then, followed by a cheer, the auto sped on to the baby.

When the doctor arrived he took charge of the little patient, but it was some time later, when the latter was sleeping, that Jakey told his mother how he had saved the train and showed her the pile of bills and gold and silver pieces that had been contributed for him by the passengers.

This was not all. The next day an official of the road came to see Jakey with a message from the president requesting him to come to the general offices in the city to be thanked.

The baby being out of danger, Jakey's Sunday suit was put on him, and he took a free ride on the train to see the president. The boy was received by a multitude of employees as he passed to the office of the presiding officer and found himself a hero. After being officially thanked he was informed that he would thereafter be considered the child of the company, would be sent to school by it, and when he desired to enter the service of the road he would be educated to take an important position. Before he went back he was handed a check for $5,000, made payable to his mother.

Jakey is now a division superintendent on the road. He frequently rides over the bridge, or, rather, a new one, he crossed on that tempestuous night, and every time he goes over it the greater his horror at the risk he ran.

Chinese Dread of Milk.

A Chinese has the same dread of milk that an American has of oysters out of season. Several evenings ago a Chinese dignitary, who had just come into the country to study educational institutions, was taking dinner with a widely known educator in an uptown hotel. He ate freely of the American dishes until it came to the last course. Looking at the ice cream dubiously for some time, he finally took a mouthful. It must have given him a pleasurable sensation—this first taste of ice cream—for he smiled pleasantly at his host. Suddenly another Chinese, who was present and who had not taken any of the dessert, spoke quickly to him a single Chinese word. In an instant the dignitary spat out his mouthful on his plate, much to the consternation of every one at the table. "What did you say?" inquired the host of the Chinese who had spoken. "I said 'milk,'" was the stoical reply.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

How Macaroni Is Made.

This is how macaroni is made in Italy: To very glutinous wheat flour is added a plentiful supply of dried eggs. Mixed with water, this becomes a dough, which is so thickly kneaded as to be difficult to impress with the fingers. Then it is carried to a round press perforated with holes, through which the dough is pressed by means of a heavy plate worked by a screw. The result is macaroni without holes in the sticks. Pipe macaroni is made through a similar press, with the difference that a round piece of metal makes the central hole. As it issues in long, snaky ropes from the bottom of the press they are violently fanned to prevent them from sticking together and are afterward taken out into the open and laid on long bamboo poles to dry. Two or three days' exposure in the warm, sunny air of Italy makes the dough pipes hard and brittle and fit to use for food.

A Greatly Desired Lady.

It would appear from bits of the social gossip of her day that Miss Burdett-Coutts' nearest approach to an occupation was refusing offers of marriage. It is stated in "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III." that the name of the "prince of adventurers" was connected with hers, that she refused the Duke of Wellington and a score of lesser gentlemen.

For years the great heiress was the most glittering matrimonial prize in England, and when at last she consented to change her condition by marrying an American a London club wit struck a responsive chord by observing: "I don't blame Ashmead Bartlett for proposing to the baroness. I've done it myself. I regard it as a duty every Englishman owes to his family."

The Air Man's Dream.

A French aviation expert is of opinion that the day will come when communication between the earth and the moon and stars will be possible in aeroplanes. Providing that radium is one day found in larger quantities and that some way of harnessing its energies is discovered by scientists, he calculates that an aeroplane weighing a ton should be able to cover the 238,800 miles which separate the earth and the moon in three hours and five minutes. About 800 pounds of radium would be necessary to provide the fuel for the journey. At the current price about $10,000,000,000 worth would be required.

Trips to certain of the stars he considers equally practicable.—London Tit-Bits.

Ants Walk on Water.

It may not be new to observers of animal life, but I have been much interested in watching the common house ant here in Rio de Janeiro. We have an American fly trap. The sugar was one day covered with ants, so I placed the trap on a finger bowl standing in a plate of water. The ants when they came to the edge of the water ran around the bowl until convinced there was no way across, and then calmly took to the water and ran across it by aid of surface tension without getting their feet wet. Having presumably been home to the nest, they returned for more sugar, crossing in the same way, and this went on regularly, a steady procession crossing the water.—Nature.

Modest John Keble.

If John Keble had had his way it is possible that his famous "Christian Year" might never have been published. He was extremely averse to it and only yielded to the importunities of his friends and the pleadings of his father. Even so he refused to have his name on the title page. In forty-five years it went through 158 editions, and since it went out of copyright they have ceased to be counted.

Consolation.

"When I was your age," the self made man complained, "I was not spending money that had been earned by somebody else."

"Well," his spendthrift son replied, "you missed a good thing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Guerillas.

Guerilla, which is a Spanish word meaning "little war," was first applied to armed peasants who worried the French armies in the Peninsular war, 1808 to 1814.

Settled.

"Have you placed your interest in the estate in the hands of a lawyer?"

"Yes, and in his pocket too."—Buffalo Express.

Let the only motive to read be the love of truth.—Thomas a Kempis.

Man's Love For Woman.

"If a man loves a woman for her looks he will love her for five years. If he loves her mind he will love her for ten years. If he loves her ways he will love her forever." And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.—Exchange.

Consolation.

"Would you marry a man who has the reputation of being not more than half witted?"

"No, but I'll be a sister to you."—Houston Post.

Cynical.

"My wife is an angel," said the boob.

"How long has she been dead?" asked the grouch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy.—Franklin.

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Good Comfortable Home

with all modern improvements, complete bath room, acetylene lights, hot air furnace, fine cellar, summer-house, chicken house, pig-pen, garage, gasoline tank, large stable, elegant garden, lot of fruit, nice side yard.

Lot 50 x 150 Feet

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Also a 5-acre field that should go with his home—about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD

On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop Flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.		
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35		f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40		.....
	Strubles	f 7.45		3.30
	State College	8.00		f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.06
	Waddles			f 5.28
	Briarly	f		5.37
	Fillmore	f		f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.43
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.45
	Coleville	8.40	.....	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Here and There.

Good roads meeting in the Court House tonight.

William Boyer and daughter Grace spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

Mrs. Kennedy and nephew, of Lewistown, are visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Brachbill.

Allen S. Garman came down from Tyrone yesterday to spend a few days with old friends here.

Dr. H. W. Tate returned home Wednesday from Mahaffey, where he had been visiting for one week.

Miss Mary Christ, of State College, has gone to New York, where she will engage in Settlement work.

Mrs. M. I. Gardner accompanied her son, Harold, to Pittsburgh on Monday, returning home on Wednesday.

GeorgeH. Smull, of Smullton, was a visitor in town on Monday, being enroute to Philadelphia on a business trip.

Twenty-one Bellefonte ladies on Tuesday enjoyed themselves with a "Dutch treat" at dinner at the Country Club.

Superintendent Charles G. MacAvoy, of the Bellefonte Electric Co., was a business visitor to Philadelphia last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Malcolm Laurie, of Winburne, were here on Monday for the funeral of the late Mrs. William Laurie.

Jack Lane left on Saturday night for New York on business for the Basket Shop, expecting to be gone about two weeks.

Miss Una Ballen, of Philadelphia, is here for a visit and to join her mother. They are guests of Mrs. Bogle and Miss Norris.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings, Mrs. Ross Hickok and Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarland motored to Lock Haven one day this week.

Mrs. M. C. Gephart returned home from Johnstown on Tuesday and yesterday moved into apartments at the home of the Misses Benner.

Mr. Clayton Baney and two children, James and Teresa, of Niagara Falls, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Mary Hull, on South Allegheny Street.

Mrs. Durbin Gray, who came to Bellefonte to attend the funeral of her stepmother, the late Mrs. William Laurie, is the guest of Miss Myra Humes.

Dr. Edward Harris, of Snow Shoe, was brought to Bellefonte on Tuesday evening and taken to the hospital here, being threatened with typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lyon, of Elkhorn, Virginia, arrived here last Wednesday and are visiting with the former's brother, W. B. Lyon, on Howard Street.

Theodore Davis Boal and Miss Cecile deLegarde, from Boalsburg, drove to Bellefonte yesterday. Miss deLegarde leaving for the East on the early afternoon train.

Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Spangler went to Cambria County on Monday, the former to attend a business meeting, and Mrs. Spangler to visit her daughter, Mrs. James McClain.

Frank Kern, Jacob Barlet, William Brachbill and Lew McQuistion returned home last Sunday from a successful bass fishing trip to Virginia. They report some splendid catches.

On their return from their honeymoon tour Mr. and Mrs James C. Davis will take a suite of apartments in the Kurtz home, on High Street, recently rented by J. Howard North.

Samuel F. Eldredge, Esq., of Cape May, N. J., who is married to Miss Jessie Laurie, was in Bellefonte this week in attendance upon the funeral of the late Mrs. William Laurie.

At the banquet of the Knights Templar on Tuesday evening covers were laid for 110. Quite a number of members were present from State College, Snow Shoe, Howard and other nearby towns.

Miss Mary Thomas recently entertained with three tables at bridge, in honor of Mrs. Ross Hickok. Mrs. Nora Shelden entertained at auction bridge on Tuesday evening, Mrs. Hickok being the honor guest.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz took advantage of the fact that Monday was a legal holiday and came up from Philadelphia to spend a day or two in Bellefonte. He was accompanied by his mother, who visited with old friends at Aaronsburg.

William Solt, of Howard, an expert blacksmith, was a genial caller at "The Republican" last Friday. One of his missions while in town between trains was to act for Mrs. Mary Rossman, one of our valued readers at Howard, in advancing her subscription.

Mrs. Morris Furey and daughter, Margaret, have moved into one of the Joseph properties, nearby the Pruner Orphanage, and George Furey, her son until recently living in Illinois, has taken possession of and will conduct the well known Furey farm.

The Keichline fruit store and cigar stand, at the Pennsylvania passenger station, is undergoing some changes which will greatly improve the appearance of the place. The old-fashioned windows are being replaced with plate glass and the roof over the street stands raised about two feet.

Mrs. William Speer is ill, her condition being regarded as critical.

Mrs. C. W. Cook, of State College, spent several days shopping in town this week.

Rev. and Mrs. Fred W. Barry, of Centre Hall, visited in town with friends yesterday.

Mrs. Florence Dale is this week moving into the home she has rented on Curtin Street.

Billy Cassidy was among the host of hunters to get an early start yesterday in quest of pheasants.

The Penn State football eleven defeated Gettysburg, at State College, 16--0, on Saturday of last week.

Quite a number of Bellefonte hunters were out yesterday for the opening day of the season for squirrels and pheasants.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Jacobs, of Wheeling, W. Va., are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Donachy.

Miss Virginia Dale returned home on Monday evening, after spending the summer in Atlantic City, New York and other places.

Mr. and Mrs Robert Irwin had as guests over the week-end Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harkness, Newlin Harkness and Miss Harkness, of Altoona.

Bellefonte friends have received a report, thus far unconfirmed, of the death of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Orbison, who are in India.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, who came to Bellefonte on such a sad mission last week, returned today to their home in Rutherford, N. J.

Miss Bertha Laurie will dispose of the household goods at her home on Spring Street and for the next month will stay with Mr. and Mrs. George R. Meek.

Dr. James Thompson, of Port Matilda, was among the out-of-town physicians in attendance upon the regular meeting of the County Medical Society yesterday.

Henry C. Quigley on Monday night went to Kettle Creek, joining his brother, Dick, and several others from Lock Haven, for the opening of the season for pheasants and squirrels.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church will hold a Christmas sale on Thursday, December 4th, in the Woman's Exchange building, on High Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harrison Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mench and son, Charles, Jr., motored to Williamsport and Harrisburg on Saturday morning, returning home on Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Curtin are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, on Wednesday morning. The little one has been named Caroline, in honor of Mrs. Curtin's mother, Mrs. Caroline C. Furst.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffry and son and nephew on Saturday motored from Scranton to State College to visit with another son, who is a Penn State student, returning to Bellefonte on Sunday and spending a short time here at the Olewine home. Mrs. Olewine and Mrs. Willis Bottorf accompanied them as far as Lewistown.

Mr. Dumont and Mr. Wheelen, of New York, were guests over Sunday at the William Fitzgerald home. Mrs. Dumont, who has been visiting with Miss Fitzgerald for several weeks, accompanied her husband home on Monday night, Mr. Wheelen remaining until Tuesday.

All-day Rally Day services will be held in the Reformed Church next Sunday, at 9.30 a. m. Sunday school rally, with special order of service and roll call of classes, at 11 a. m. A Rally Day sermon that you want to hear. At 6.45 p. m. Christian Endeavor rally and at 7.30 p. m., evening services. You will be heartily welcomed at all of these services.

The Annual Thanksgiving market will be held as usual by the ladies of the Reformed Church. The market will open in Petriken Hall, Tuesday November 25, and continue until Wednesday evening. A large assortment of aprons, home-made bread, cakes, pies and candies, together with a variety of farm products, will be offered for sale.

The approching Sunday, October 19th, is the time of the Autumnal Communion in the Methodist Episcopal church at Bellefonte. All members are urged to be present. The Communion will be administered at both preaching hours. The week immediatly following will be given to Cottage Meetings in preparation for the Evangelistic campaign to open on the 26th, under direction of "Bob" Jones and his helpers. Great results are anticipated. Deep interest is already manifest. Get ready to share in it.

Beginning today and continuing the balance of the week, there will be a unique demonstration at Hazel Bros. grocery store, in Allegheny Street. In the presence of all who take the time and trouble to visit the store delicious home-made cakes will be made instantly. The demonstration has been arranged to introduce to the people cake-mix, a specially prepared cake flour which contains eggs and other ingredients of cakes. The only thing one needs to do is to add water to the flour and let the oven do the rest. All cakes baked at the public demonstration at Hazel Bros. store will be prepared in an electric oven, furnished by the Bellefonte Electric Co.

Fred Rees, who is holding down a nice job in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Renovo, visited here over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rees.

George W. Williams, of Scotia, who has been working at Ore Hill for some time past, has gone to Bellwood, where he has secured more lucrative employment.

It is gratifying to be able to report that Mary Parrish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Parrish, who has been so critically ill, is recovering nicely and now is regarded as entirely out of danger.

The Bellefonte Academy football eleven put up a good game against the Greensburg High School team, at Greensburg, last Saturday, but lost out by the score of 6--0. The local eleven returned home on Sunday evening. It is the belief of Coach Weller that the Academy eleven is rapidly rounding to and will develop into probably the strongest team in the history of the school.

The addition of two modern and particularly attractive display cases at Zeller's drug store adds wonderfully to the already fine appearance of that old and well known business place. The two show cases in question are of heavy plate glass, finished in oak, each being six feet long and four feet high. The most striking feature about the cases is the simplicity of arrangement and finish. Inside are suspended plate glass shelves. Everything is so constructed that one may at a glance see all parts of the cases, making possible the most effective kind of a display. One of the two cases is at present filled with an attractive display of wallets, purses, etc., while the other is being devoted to an exhibit of thermos bottles, brushes of various kinds, manicuring sets, etc. The wood finishing to all of the old cases has been made to harmonize with that of the two new ones, enhancing the artistic beauty of the group and the appearance of the store in general.

It was but a few weeks ago that "The Republican" had occasion to note the fact that Health Officer W. D. Port, of Ferguson township, had suffered a stroke while out driving in that section and falling into the road remained unconscious until found by friends some hours later. Imagine our surprise on Monday afternoon when who should come walking into our office but Mr. Port. His recovery has been so rapid that it has agreeably surprised his many friends. Even more to the point was the fact that one of his missions in town was to obtain a hunter's license. He is already feeling so well that several hunting trips are in contemplation. Mr. Port is a Civil war veteran. During the war he was wounded on three occasions. He laughingly remarked that so long as he was able to be up and about nobody would find him lying down. Considering his years and what he has gone through he is remarkably vigorous and well preserved. Here's hoping he lives to enjoy many more years of health, happiness and good luck

Basket Sale.

Special Sale of the Bellefonte Baskets, at China Hall, Bellefonte, Pa., October 23 & 24. All Baskets will be sold at greatly reduced prices. This is an opportunity to purchase your Christmas presents.

M. I. GARDNER.

Lick's Luck.

James Lick, the founder and endower of the great astronomical establishment in California, was born in very humble circumstances, we are told, at Fredericksburg, Pa., Aug. 25, 1796. Having made a small fortune of $30,000 or $40,000 by commerce with South America, he invested it in San Francisco land while as yet the great city of the Golden Gate was but a strip of wind blown sand between the mighty Pacific and the now famous bay. The gold fever broke out in the spring of 1848, and the little cluster of wooden shacks became all at once a center of attraction to thousands from all over the world. The 900 inhabitants increased to hundreds of thousands; hotels, villas, places of business, rose like magic for mile after mile along the bay, and in the sudden phenomenal rise of the price of land James Lick found himself one of the rich men of the world. It was thus that he got the money for his large bequests to science.—New York Mail.

Mustaches.

A mustache is what you choose to make it. Almost every man has the raw materials at his command, and he can cut them or cuddle them as he sees fit. Some men beat their mustaches savagely back into their upper lips, refusing them growth, shave them remorselessly once or twice a day and never let a hair of them see the light of day. Other men coax and cajole their mustaches to enlarge, pet them, pamper them, protect them and view the resultant hirsute effects in the light of artistic achievements. But not all mustaches are artistic. Some are stubby, and some are scraggly, and some are simply unmowed hair. Now and again we encounter a work of superior excellence, an accomplishment in mustache making, a feat in facial foliage.—Saturday Evening Post.

No, Never.

Love may be blind. But you never saw a bride who couldn't tell orange blossoms from sunflowers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No circumstances can permanently imprison a determined will.

Easily Identified.

While rambling around with his father one afternoon little Johnny came to a miniature lake on which two swans were swimming.

"Papa," said Johnny, pointing a chubby little finger out over the lake, "is that the father swan or the mother swan?"

"Which one do you mean, Johnny?" asked the old man, glancing in the direction indicated by the boy.

"I mean the one over there," answered Johnny, "the one with all the feathers pecked off his head and isn't allowed to have the biscuit or nothing."

"Yes, my son," promptly rejoined papa, with just a suspicion of a sigh. "That's the father swan, all right."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Interpreter Wanted.

Curling, like its sister Scottish game of golf, has its own vocabulary. Here is a dialogue in which a Scot in the antipodes tried to illustrate the "kittle pints" of the game to his New Zealand friends.

"What's a pat-lid, Mr. Macpherson?" asked an inexperienced member of the venerable "skip."

"Div ye no see, ye gowk?" said the skip. "Ye ding yer stane cannily, but nae sae fine as tae hog it; nae halfin' fleg nor jinkin' turn, ye ken, but tentlely, that it aye gangs smoovin' an' straucht as an elder'd walk, hog snoutherin' amang the guairds, till ye fan' on the verra tee. When ye've dune that, laddie, ye've made a pat-lid and ye may bear the gree!"

The Prosperity Pose.

When you are down on your luck keep a stiff upper lip and a smiling countenance. Don't let the world know that you are down or everybody will want to give you an additional kick. Put on an air of prosperity: everybody will help to boost you upward. Men will want to hang on the coattails of your success in the hope of tearing a strip off for themselves.—Dramatic Mirror.

Solves the Mystery.

"When I get to New York I wonder how all those teeming millions manage to grab out a living."

"Say on."

"But when I leave, with a depleted bank roll, the mystery is not so great as it was."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Question Answered.

Doctor (after examination)—Madam, there is nothing ailing you. You have a constitution of iron. Obese Patient—I have often wondered what made me so heavy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Alike In One Way.

La Rhea—I wonder why it is that the government puts a woman's likeness on nearly all coins. Eddie—I guess it's because money talks too!"—Kansas City Star.

The Sim Clothes

We could not were we to take several pages of this paper--and use the strongest words in their favor--do these clothes--the showing we are making--and do justice to them. It would sound like boasting--to realize--to appreciate--you must see them.

Beautiful new Suits--Overcoats--Raincoats-Mackinaw coats-Sweaters-Gloves--Neckwear--Hats--anything for men or boys' wearing shown in a profusion and university of new styles that is unparalleled. To see where this showing excels--in goodness and newness of style in dependability and quality in the moderateness of price--you should not miss seeing this Fall and Winter display--Glad to show you--

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Before Winter Comes!

A light weight overcoat these days feels good in the morning and looks good in the evening.

The CHESTERFIELD top coat--thanks to Hickey-Freeman-Quality tailor-is the subject of universal, if unspoken compliment.

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